THE MERRY MUSE

WITH GRAVER MOMENTS

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THE MERRY MUSE,

WITH GRAVER MOMENTS.

London :
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Fleet Street,
E.C.

"They slink aloof, along the roof,
In rueful scare retreating;
Away they go, no doubt they know
Some other place of meeting."

"A NIGHT ALARM," (SEE PAGE 71).

THE MERRY MUSE,

WITH GRAVER MOMENTS.

A COLLECTION OF POEMS,

HUMOROUS AND SERIOUS.

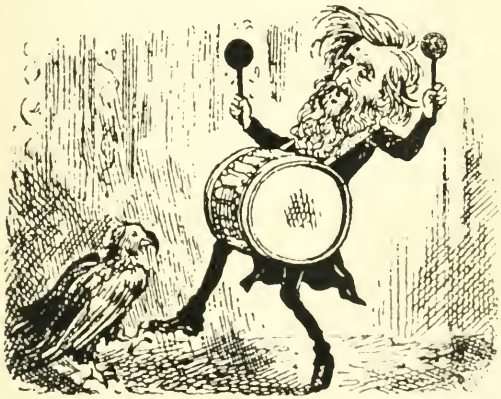
FOR READING OR RECITATION

BY

WALTER PARKE

("The London Hermit.")

Author of "Songs of Singularity," "Peeps at Life," "Lays of the Saintly," "Patter Poems," "The Skull Hunters," &c.; and of the Comic Operas, "Estrella," "Rhoda," "Bobadil," &c.; Joint Author of "Les Mante Noirs."



LONDON:

WARD AND DOWNEY, 12, York Street, W.C.

Many of the following verses have already appeared in *Funny Folks*, *The Drury Lane Annual*, and *The Theatre*, and are now reproduced in a revised form, with the permission of the Proprietors, whose courtesy the Author hereby acknowledges. The other poems have been written especially for this volume, with the view of imparting to it such variety as will suit all tastes.

CONTENTS.

THE MERRY MUSE.

	PAGE
The Strange Story of Stickler	1
Lisette	10
The Wellington Statue	15
The Parting	17
Night Mary	18
Vandalism in Venice...	20
Japan Re-polished	22
The London Hermit's Christmas	24
To the City Companies	25
Gloriana Brand	27
The Conscientious Robber	30
Ballad of the Belgravia	33
Cruise of the Cheshire Cat	37
Yarn of Ben Bobstay	42
To — Smith, Esq.	44
Nursery Nonsense	45
Mr. O'Bull's Valentine	47
The Amorous Alphabet	48
The Deed of Darkness	49
A Prawny Pæan	50
A Zoological Pandemonium	52
Feline Felicities	54
The Lunatic Lover's Lament	57
A Yule-tide Protest	58
Stanzas to a Mad March Air...	61
General B.	62
The Sailor's Departure	65
The Soldier's Return...	66

8.17203

The Travelling Troubadour 68
The Maiden's Medley 70
A Night Alarm 71
The Aspiring Excursionist 75
Mongolianization 76
The Boy of Five 78
Impromptus and Epigrams 80
Shakespeare à la Towzer 91
The Erudite Stockman 94
The Triumph of Logic 95
Ode for St. Patrick's Day 96
To Clarissa 98
The Dream of the Pudding 100
The Chain of Love 101
To the Sea Serpent 102
Nottingham Gaol 103

GRAVER MOMENTS.

Shakespeare Undethroned 107
Childe Harold's Centenary 109
Eliza Cook 112
Clotilda 113
Calin Macdonald 118
The Bird and the Lover 122
The Warrior to his Lady-love 125
Dame and Courtier 126
The Deserted Princess 127

The Merry Muse.

The Strange Story of Stickler:

A MYSTERY IN BLACK AND WHITE.

I

ASK your kind attention for a story that applies
To Mr. Janus Stickler, Abbey Villa, Clapham Rise,
A man renowned for piety, and justly so renowned,
A model of propriety to all the country round;
His ancestors were clerical, and on the list had been
Two rectors, one archdeacon, three incumbents, and a dean.
Tho' not himself in orders, having "other fish to fry"
His practices were orthodox, his tenets "high and dry."
In all relating to the Church he took a foremost place,
As did his wife and her Mamma, who came of lofty race,
Whose brother, friend and oracle, their pride and guiding star
Was the Missionary Bishop of the Isles of Nicobar.

Of strict and rigid principles, the family throughout
Were fearfully respectable, and dreadfully devout,
Tabooing all amusements of a wicked worldly sort,
From ball or evening party to athletic show and sport;
And as for pantomimes and plays, 'twas portion of their creed
That those who went to witness them were sinners lost indeed:
That all connected with the Stage, in any shape or form,
Were ultimately bound to go to regions rather warm;
In short, the Sticklers soar'd above our common sinful clay,
Oh, reader, would that you and I were half as good as they!

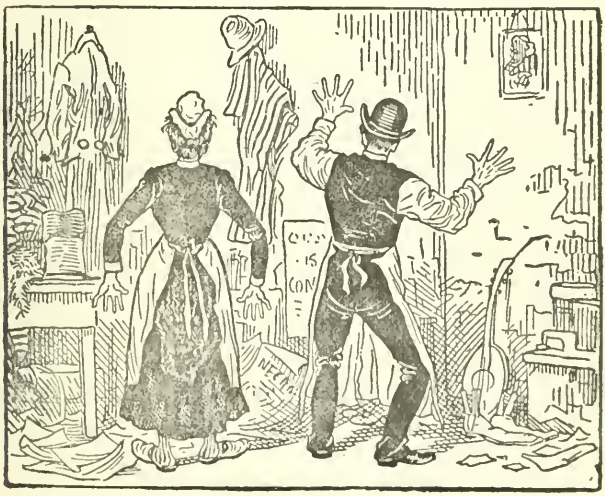
II.

And yet there was a mystery, a secret strange and dark,
A fact which certain neighbours made a subject of remark;
That Janus was a wealthy man, was patent to the view,
But where he got his money from no mortal ever knew.
No stock, or share, no land or rent, profession, post, or trade
Accounted for the income which undoubtedly he made;
By day he seem'd to take his ease, but sure as evening came
He disappeared, as if to do "a deed without a name,"
He always took a roomy bag, as full as it could hold,
But what its purpose or contents he never would unfold,
He left with punctuality a quarter after seven,
Returned with regularity a little past eleven;
But where he'd been, or what he'd seen, moreover, what he'd *done*
This was the secret of his life, a secret known to none;
His wife herself a hundred times had asked him to explain,
Had begg'd, entreated, wept, cajoled, but utterly in vain:
"A dark Masonic mystery," he said, with bated breath
"I never dare divulge it, for the penalty is death!"
But as he said these awful words with something like a smile
She had a shrewd suspicion he was "chaffing" all the while.

III.

Twas on a Sunday evening, and the Sticklers were at Church,

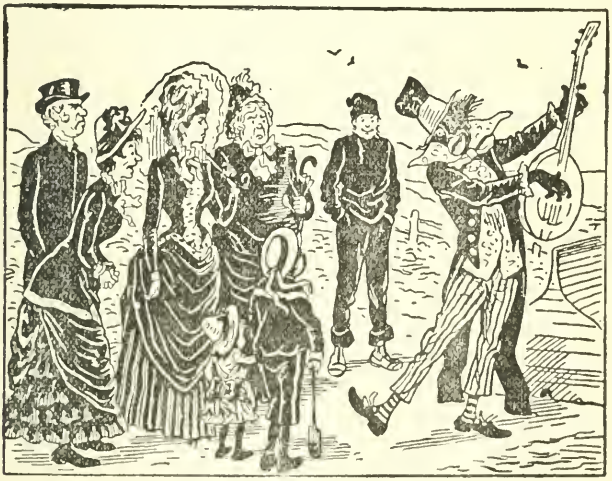
With Mary Jane to mind the house — they'd left her in the lurch,
But not alone : there's always *one* who follows and adores,
And Mary Jane's admirer was a shopman at the Stores.
She told him of strange doings she had recently observed,
How Master every morning seem'd abstracted and unnerved,
Retiring to a lumber-room just underneath the roof,
He'd lock the window, close the door, and keep for hours aloof;
But Mary Jane by listening (which she owned was very wrong)
Could hear faint murmurings, and strains of music mixed with song,
And then a bumping on the floor, as if the Lord-knows-who
Were teaching double shuffles to a bounding kangaroo!
Up rose the shopman of the Stores, "I've got a master-key,
We'll overhaul that lumber-room : so come along with me."
They overhauled the lumber-room ; they hunted all around,
And miscellaneous articles in multitude they found;



But 'twixt the rafters and the slates, in corner most remote,
They brought to light a lot of things deserving special note;
They found a suit of "nigger" clothes, a banjo and a wig,
A hat ridiculously small, some boots absurdly big,
A set of songs with titles such as "Turn it up, old pal,"
"The 'Owling Swell of 'Ampstead," and the "Lubly Yaller Gal."
Adorn'd with portraits—gentlemen in garments cheap and loud,
And ladies, who, to say the least, were *not* reserved and proud,
But with a want of modesty we cannot well admire
Appear'd before the public in inadequate attire.
The shopman being musical, a gay and festive sprite,
Assumed the "togs" and sang and play'd and danced with all his might,
When suddenly cried Mary Jane, "Oh goodness gracious, Jack,
What *shall* we do? Here's Missus and the family come back!"
Too true! the Sticklers had return'd, and in the nick of time
To catch the pair red-handed at this "sacrilegious crime."

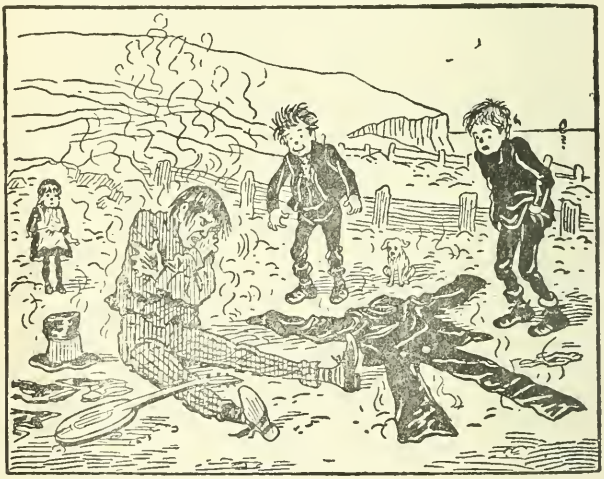
In sorrow and in anger at the shocking scene they saw
Stood Janus Stickler with his wife and dear Mamma-in-law !
They overwhelm'd poor Mary Jane, dismissed her on the spot.
And prophesied for both of them a fearful future lot,
They said the Church on comic songs and banjos placed a ban,
And breakdowns were invented by the Enemy of Man,
Those "horrid things" assigning to the shopman from the Stores
They threw them out of window, and they turn'd him out of doors.

IV.



T'was in the "Silly Season" when the world is so unwise
It credits tales of gooseberries phenomenal in size,
Of serpents seen at sea, and frogs that fall in showers down,
When Mr. S., on busi-*ness*, departed out of town ;
While Mrs. S. and her Mamma, the children, and the maid
Selected saintly Lowestoft, and there awhile they stayed,
And with them went the Uncle, just arrived from lands afar,
The Missionary Bishop of the Isles of Nicobar.
T'was in the "Silly Season" and the scene was Yarmouth beach,
T'was crowded with excursionists as far as eye could reach ;

Their language, noise, and roughness seemed a scandal and disgrace
To Mrs. S. and party, who had come to see the place;
Yet, being hinder'd by the crowd, they couldn't choose but stop,
And witness the gambadoes of a wandering Ethiop.
He sang plantation patter-songs in queer falsetto tones,
He serenaded Dinah "wid de banjo and de bones";
He cracked such funny "wheezes" and he sang in such a style
That even those who scorned to laugh, unbended to a smile.
Then Mrs. Stickler fancied she had somewhere seen before
Such strange, outlandish garments as that singing sinner wore,
That mighty collar, long-tailed coat, and frizzled woolly wig,
That hat ridiculously small, those boots absurdly big.
He jumped upon a boat that lay inverted near at hand,
He gave a little *pirouette*, then tumbled in the sand;



A rising wave enveloped him—the tide was coming in—
But soon he scrambled out unhurt, though wetted to the skin,

His woolly wig was off, the waves had washed him partly white—
Great mercy! JANUS STICKLER's face was now revealed to sight!
A fearful shriek, a fainting fit, and void of sense and speech
Both Mrs. S. and her Mamma fell prostrate on the beach;
The Bishop shock'd, indignant, full of anger and amaze,
Looked *blackly* at the nigger *wight*, who paled before his gaze;
He tried to hide the face that told so terrible a tale,
He tried to speak, protest, explain, but all of no avail.
The people picked the ladies up, the Bishop hail'd a fly.

* * * * * *

They left poor Janus sitting on the sunny sands to dry.

V.

T'was in the silent calm of night, the world was all at rest,
When to the Bishop, quite alone, the culprit thus confess'd—
"For years I have deceived my friends, my neighbours and my wife,
I've played a dark and subtle game, and lived a double life;
On Sunday in the choir at Church I sing the psalms and hymns,
On other days at music-halls I exercise my limbs
In breakdowns and in cellar-flaps, and waltzes wild and strange,
And then I sing and joke and play the banjo for a change,
At home I dress in sober black, and *seem* a child of grace,
But *there* my garb's of gaudy hues, I'm only black in *face*,
I sport sensation collars, and the most eccentric hat,
The biggest buttons on a coat, with tails as long as *that*;
I wear a wig that rises like a crest upon my head,
I laugh an idiotic laugh, with lips vermilion red.
The public like my levity, which sternly *you* condemn,
I'm known as "Sambo Ebony, the Ethiopian Gem";
I've played in streets and drawing-rooms, at garden parties too,
I scored in last year's pantomime as "King of Cariboo";
I've even stooped as "Star Comique" to sing, or rather shout—
"I'm 'Boozy Bob,' the Howling Toff, and Champion Chucker-out!"

VI.

But here the Bishop gave a groan, and stopp'd his blushing ears,

Then sadly paused the penitent and melted into tears,
"Oh! wretched man!" the Bishop cried, "Amend your wicked ways,
Why *do* you do such dreadful things?" He said, "Because it pays;
To managers and patrons such buffoonery is *dear*,
And thus I regularly earn two thousand pounds a year."
The Bishop look'd reflective. "Such a sum exceeds by far
My stipend from the Islands and the *see* of Nicobar;
But tho' the blessings wealth can bring of course are very nice
To jeopardise your precious soul is scarcely worth the price."
Said Stickler, "Hence to piety my life I will devote,
I'll never dance another step, or sing a single note;
I've wash'd my face, and now to grace I hope you'll take me back,
O, Missionary Bishop, as a true converted *black!*"

VII.

How dreadful was the scandal when the story got about!
The local press was full of it, they couldn't keep it out;
For Mary Jane, now married to the shopman at the Stores,
Would scarcely hold her tongue for long, (I doubt if *you* would *yours*)
The Sticklers did not dare to meet their friends' and neighbours' eyes,
For they were "sent to Coventry," though still at Clapham Rise,
Till, finding life perverted from its former pleasant groove,
They sold their villa, packed their goods, and soon were "on the move,"
And though at present writing I'm uncertain where they are,
I hear they've emigrated to the Isles of Nicobar.

(From Old Drury Lane Christmas Annual, 1886-7).

Lisette.

A Diminutive Ditty.

One summer's day, a little man,
Beside a little stream—a streamlet,
Had sat and dozed, till he began
To dream a little dream—a *dreamlet.*

He thought himself a shepherd swain,
Now musing by some willow'd brooklet,
Now tending sheep across the plain,
Arm'd with a little crook, or *crooklet.*

And if, by some unlucky chance,
He lost a little lamb—a lambkin,
This gentle swain with rage would dance
And swear a little d—n,—a *dam'kin.*

He loved a lovely maiden, whom
He called his little tart, or tartlet,
The flower of love was full in bloom
Within each little heart—or *heartlet.*

As good as gold, as fair as May,
Was sweet Lisette, or little Lizzy,
Who in the dairy, every day
Would be *bizette* (a little *busy*).

What wonder that these sweethearts were
Each happy as a king—or kinglet?
"Love draws us by a single hair,"
Yet wants a little ring—or *ringlet.*

When lo ! a rival in the field,
A warlike little lord, or lordling.
Who came from court, and well could wield
His deadly little sword, or *swordling.*

He long had pined for fair Lisette,
Half doubtful, yet resolved to get her,
Of this he made a little bet,
And then he felt a little better.

This lordling had a little page,
A youngster sharper than a gimlet,
And most precocious for his age,
They called him "little Jim," or *Jimlet.*

'T'was thus his master spake to him,—
"Now sit ye down, my little mannikin,
While I to thee, O faithful Jim,
Unfold my little plan—or *plannikin.*

"When Lizzie goes to tend the cows,
You ask to taste their milk so creamy,
While I, beneath the leafy boughs,
Am hiding where she cannot *see* me.

"Then suddenly I'll throw a shawl,
To muffle up her every feature,
Which also, if she tries to squall,
Will stop her screeching—beauteous *screecher* !

"Then to my castle in the wood,
Upon a pony we'll remove her,
I will reward you if you're good,
And we succeed in our manœuvre."

'Twas done : the maiden was secured
Within a little tower, or turret,
Where once some lady, thus immured,
Had built a little bower, or *burret.*

Our captive as companion kept
A little tabby cat, or kitten,
Which play'd about the room, or slept
Upon a little mat, or *mitten.*

The nightingale, beyond her bars,
Above a little rill, or rillet,
Would warble sweetly to the stars,
With many a little trill, or *trillet.*

Ah ! judge our shepherd's grief when first
He missed his little dear, or darling,
He wept her loss, he fear'd the worst,
With many a little tear, or *tarling.*

He left his flock, he left his friends,
Of every kind, and none were kinder,
But when he'd reach'd his journey's ends
He always found he couldn't find her.

While she, who only lived to grieve,
Her captor's adoration scorning,
Heaved heavy sighs, aye, every eve,
And mourn'd her sorrows every morning.

She blamed him thus—" Is this the way
To treat a little dame—or damsel?
But mark me, you'll repent some day,
Your wicked little game—or *gamsel* !"

He offer'd presents—strings of pearls,
Each pearl a little globe, or globule,
Besides—what oft had charm'd the girls—
A splendid little robe, or *robule.*

To make a feast, his servants killed
A tender little kid, or kidling,
Whose flesh was delicately grilled
Upon a little grid, or *gridling.*

And oft to her this lord would say,
"Oh, come, my little duck, my duckling,
We'll to the forest haste away
And shoot a little buck—a *buckling!*"

But no! the more he told his love,
With passion rising in *crescendo*,
The more she pined, poor stricken dove,
In sorrowful *diminuendo*.

It was in vain he danced, and sang
Some little chant, or *canzonetto*,
For still her heart's increasing pang
Was *largho*, or at least *larghetto*.

"Ah, me," sighed she, "I soon shall be
Closed in my little cell, or *celloid*,
And when I'm gone they'll toll for me
The dismal little bell, or *belloid*.

"Tell him my heart was solely his,
Yes, every little grain, or granule,
Oh, he'll lament his loving Liz,
My darling little swain, or *swanule*!"

This could not last; life's stream, in truth,
Is but a tiny tap—a *taplet*;
She died, and left her faithful youth,
Poor little chap, to weave her chaplet.

When wandering in a field of rue,
He met her funeral marching through it,
Then rueful tears he shed like dew,
It was her due that he should *dew* it.

Ah! 'twas a bitter cup to quaff!
He penned a little verse, or *versicle*,
And placed it, for an epitaph,
Upon her little hearse, or *hersicle*.

'Twas then his heart, with grief o'erwrought,
Broke with a little snap, a *snapkin*,
So peacefully he died, they thought
'Twas but a little nap,—a *napkin*.

These lovers lie in lonely ground,
Beneath a little hill, or hillock,
(Through sitting on that humid mound
I caught a little chill—a *chillock*.)

* * * * * *

But here the dazzled dreamer woke,
To find himself beside the brooklet,
And half in earnest, half in joke,
He wrote this story in a *booklet*.

The Wellington Statue.

ERECTED 1846. REMOVED 1883.
RE-ESTABLISHED 1889.

OH ! sad to see the Man of Waterloo,
A victim to improvement's onward march,
Thus *taken down*, and not a " peg or two,"
But from the summit of his lofty arch,
Where he was fix'd and firm, we fondly thought,
As permanent and stolid as Stonehenge.
Truly " the whirligig of time " has brought
About, in this, a terrible revenge !

Oh ! shade of Bonaparte—the first, the great—
On whom our Duke his greater greatness proved,
Once this arch-enemy controlled your fate,
Now *arch* and enemy are both removed :
And you may well exclaim, with bitter smile—
" So, the unconquer'd One is overcast !
I've had *my* ups and downs, a long, long while,
Now *you* are down, and we are quits at last !"

No more that mighty figure on the horse
Looms in the moonlight, ghostly, grim, and dark,
Commanding silently some phantom force
That holds unseen manœuvres in Hyde Park ;
No more that huge cock'd hat, that huger nose,
The *very* " noblest *Roman* of them all,"
Shall brave the summer heats, the winter snows,
The rains of spring, the tempests of the fall.

His fall's complete, so let him be laid up
For ever in the lavender of glory,
Not e'en endow'd with spectral power to sup,
Like Don Giovanni's stone "Commendatoré;"
Colossal effigies of heroes dead—
Mere heaps of bronze and marble shaped by art,
Where is their moral weight? when all is said,
The one true image dwells but in the heart.

Our hero's deeds will never be forgot,
Yet wherefore to his likeness bow the knee?
"A thing of beauty" we must own 'twas *not*,
"A joy for ever" it could never be;
I mourn his loss—no mortal mourns it more—
I love his memory—honour his renown,
But still his statue's fate I *can't* deplore
It's rather a relief to see it down!

* * * * *

(*Several years later.*)

He's up again! but not at such a height,
Nor built on such a Brobdingnagian plan;
No nightmare steed now shocks the nervous sight,
The Statue's stature's nearer that of Man;
'Tis better so; mere mettle, bulk, and weight,
The "Iron Duke" ne'er needed to impress;
And thus, tho' not so big, he's just as great,
Tho' dwindled, he's a hero none the less.

The Parting.

A Ballad for the Spelling Reformers.

Two lovers parted on the shore,
'Twas not for long, although
Had they been doom'd to meet no more
Scarce greater were their *wough.*

"Ah, me!" cried she, "my bursting heart
Is tortured through and through,
To think that thou, love, must depart
Across the ocean *blough.*"

"Weep not," he said, although *his* breast
Was sorrowful enough,
And hoarse the words came from his chest,
For grief had made him *grough.*

"A few more months, and we again
Beneath the hawthorn bough
Shall stand, still gazing o'er the main,
But happier than *nough.*"

Reluctant, slow, as noble steed
That's wounded in the "hough"*
He crawl'd aboard the *Ganymede,*
Then starting from the dock.

'Mid sigh and tear, her voice to clear,
She gave a little cough,
Then raised a cheer, and left the pier,
Her lover's ship was *ough.*

*Pronounced "hock." (See Dictionary.)

Night-Mary.

A Visionary Visitor.

Daughter of a hundred imps,
Crown'd with carrot curls and crimps,
Why my optic nerves distress
With your glaring yellow dress?
And your eyes of greenish tint
Flashing through a fiendish squint.
Grace and symmetry you lack,
You've a hump upon your back.
Cow-like horns upon your head,
And your nose is ruby red.
And your feet—tremendous ones—
Seem to weigh a thousand tons,
Oh! you're dancing on my chest,
Horrid monster! let me rest;
Fiery turpentine you quaff
With a wild hyena laugh.
Heavens! how she grins and leers,
Shakes her Elephantine ears;
Gives a yell of dreadful note,
Seizes my unlucky throat
With a violence immense,
Oh! the agony's intense!
I can only faint and gasp
In that grim Gargantuan grasp;
I am past the power to speak,
Or for help I'd loudly shriek.

Do you mean to kill me quite
That you throttle me so tight?
Let me go, before you choke me!

* * * * *

Wonder what it was that woke me?
What's o'clock? My head's so bad!
'Twas the nightmare that I've had!
Gracious me! how ill I feel!
How my scatter'd senses reel!
I must buy, or beg, or borrow
Some good medicine to morrow:
Pow'rs that be! I'll ne'er again
Mix hot punch with iced champagne;
Never more, ye gods! will *I*
Sup on veal-and-bacon pie!

Vandalism in Venice;

A Lament.

I.

Ah! woe is me! what desecration,
Sweet Venice, lovely as a dream,
To bear that ugly innovation,
A line of boats propell'd by steam!

Oh! shades of Shylock and Othello,
Dandolo, Doria, rise, I pray,
Shall foreign monsters snort and bellow
Along your ancient water-way?

Shall grimy stokers—shame and pity!—
Replace romantic gondoliers?
Shall this—at present—*pier*less city
Be spoilt by penny-steamboat piers?

Oh! Syndics of the Adriatic,
Pray pause ere all romance has died,
How can Canals be operatic
When smoky as the Thames or Clyde?

Electric boats, with silent action
And graceful form, might come in use,
But "ease her!" "stop her!"—Oh! distraction!
Will bring poor Venice to the deuce.

II.

Oh, how the Poet's soul is vexed!
How picturesqueness disappears!
Venice profaned by steam! What next?
A strike among the Gondoliers.

A sort of operatic charm
To sweet *Venezia* still adheres,
But who can see without alarm
A strike among the Gondoliers?

With Venice's romantic views
Prosaic steam much interferes,
And visitors for preference choose
The Gondola and Gondoliers.

The Grand Canal, where Doges proud
Held pomp and state in bygone years,
Surrounded by a brilliant crowd
Has lost "on strike" its Gondoliers.

The stone *façades* are spoil'd with smoke,
(Just fancy Mr. Ruskin's tears!)
While steamers steam, and stokers stoke,
Where are those *striking* Gondoliers?

No cheery boatman's singing now,
No plash of waves enchants the ears;
Puff, whistle, growl, and shriek!—the row
Might strike stone-deaf the Gondoliers.

But why *blow up* the steamers? Send
Them captive home, like privateers,
Have back the ancient boats, and end
The strike among the Gondoliers!

Japan Re-polished.

He used to wear an Eastern robe,
And scorn all quarters of the globe,
Save where Mikado and Tycoon
Reign'd like a human sun and moon ;
Of Western ways he nothing knew,
Two swords he wore ; *one* ran him through,
When, in disgrace, his life he'd snatch,
That's how he *took in* the "Despatch,"
The ancient Japanese.

But now he wears a tourist suit,
In French and English can dispute,
In learning Europe's arts of peace,
Has gas and steam, and new police,
Torpedoes, ironclads and "rams,"
Breechloaders, trams, and cablegrams,
Owns schoolboards, journals, postal cards,
And reads our novelists and bards,
The modern Japanese.

And soon of course he'll make his own
The phonograph and telephone,
Electric railways, bells and lights ;
Hear Patti on "subscription nights,"
Lay odds upon his native *race*,
Attend each "meet" and steeplechase,
Explore the Mountains of the Moon,
And reach the Pole by swift balloon,
The modern Japanese.

All this is well, no doubt, but yet
I cannot see without regret
Old Eastern customs thus suppressed,
For those of our prosaic West;
Till nations grow as like as peas,
With no variety to please,
And only his complexion can
Distinguish from an Englishman
That modern Japanese.

The London Hermit's Christmas.

Ring out, glad bells, with silv'ry glee,
And carol forth, ye childish voices;
I'll revel too, for it must be
The poorest heart that ne'er rejoices.
All hail; my brother hermits, hail!
Austerity in Yule is treason;
You'll find my board will scarcely fail
In any "luxury of the season."

Here are parch'd peas—the very best;
And beans—beloved by men and horses;
Potatoes—cold, with salt for zest;
Lentils, and other simple courses.
My bread is only two days old—
Where teeth are good, the crumb is tender,
Come, think this delft a plate of gold,
This humble cell a hall of splendour.

For us no turkey was cut up,
No stall-fed ox was led to slaughter,
And, brethren, pledge me in this cup—
The "crystal well's" best brand of water.
Aye, if of dainties there's a dearth
No lengthy bill will come in question,
And if to-night gives little mirth
To-morrow brings no indigestion!

To the City Companies.

A Ninth of November Protest.

O, mystic Guilds, to which the City
Owes much majestic pomp and state,
I love your names, so quaint and pretty,
But are'nt they *slightly* out of date?

Is't not by merest verbal stretch
"Longbow-string Makers" keep their name?
Do "Stringers" string, and Fletchers "fletch,"
As in their days of ancient fame?

Do "Tinplate Workers" handle "tin"
(Save as a slangy phrase for gold)?
Do "Founders" found?—Do "Skinners" skin?
What do "Upholders" now uphold?

"Silk-throwers," do they throw it still?
"Embroiderers," do they still embroid?
What sort of *rôle* do "Horners" fill?
And how are "Loriners" employ'd?

"Spectacle-makers"—do they take
Financial interest in *Specs*?—
Save *spectacles* all help to make
Who swell the civic "*Vivat Rex*?"

Ye "Wyre-Drawers," vouchsafe to tell
Where, whence you draw your "Wyres," and why?
And wherefore own that mystic *spell*.—
Why "Wyre" with Y instead of I?

"Carmen" (the company so styled)
Can scarcely *drive* so brisk a trade
As doth their namesake sweet and wild,
The operatic gipsy-maid.

What "Makers" make "Hats," "Pattens," "Fans,"
What "Farriers" hammer horses' hoofs?
What "Pewterers" toil o'er pots and pans?
What "Tyler" tiles our modern roofs?

False titles thus each Guild confers,
Like those misnomer brotherhoods—
The "Druids," "Shepherds," Foresters,"
Who know no Temples, Folds, or Woods.

When work has dwindled to a word,
From modern records why not scratch it?—
A name for any craft's absurd
Unless it has *an aim* to match it!

Gloriana Brand.

My own, my Gloriana Brand !
So gracious, and beloved, and fair,
Transcendent thy perfections stand,
Beyond description or compare.

Thy hair of gold, thy hue of white
Bespeak thee scarce a child of earth,
Thy nature, prone to warmth and light,
Denotes thine Oriental birth.

Thy form is slender as the palm
Which o'er the desert waves its crest,
Thy very breath is like the balm
That breathes from Araby the Blest.

And then thine eyes ! if ever eye
Betray'd a glowing ardent soul,
'Tis thine ; a meteor of the sky,
Whose gaze can burn like living coal.

Yet thou art listless when alone,
But warm with life when I am near,
Although a tyrant power I own,
Which well might change thy love to fear.

For I can quench thy vital spark,
Can make or mar thee at a breath,
Draw thee from cell so cold and dark,
And wake thee from the sleep of death.

Ever obedient to my will,
Knowing no law but my command,
Eager my wishes to fulfil,
O, matchless Gloriana Brand !

Thou art as gentle, pure and mild,
And sweet as spring's awakening bloom,
By thee the senses are beguiled,
The spirit lifted from its gloom.

Not always is thy heart the same,
Its ardour wanes, its warmth grows cold,
It seems to perish in it's flame,
Like Phœnix in the days of old.

That fabled bird, consumed by fire,
Some germs of life would still retain,
Thus, though thy passion may expire,
Its ashes live—'t will shine again.

Yet, tho' thou art so dear to me,
I cannot call thee all-in-all.
Nor am I everything to thee,
Each bound in Love's exclusive thrall.

For were I absent, changed, or dead,
Thou would'st not needlessly repine,
Nor turn away a scornful head
From other, nearer lips than mine.

A stranger not in vain may seek
To press thee with a gentle hand ;
Or in his tenderest tones may speak
The name of Gloriana Brand.

Thou art a frail and thoughtless thing!
Ready to pass from friend to friend ;
Like bee that flits on wanton wing,
But still I'll love thee to the end.

I am no niggard of delight,
No miser hoarding up his pelf,
And others have as much a right
To Gloriana as myself.

Rivals I have, but none, indeed,
Whose passion can my peace destroy;
So let them love—they never need
Be sad, or jealous of my joy.

Such calmness, you will understand,
Could scarce apply to *human* pets—
My "GLORIANA" is a *Brand*
Of mild Egyptian Cigarettes.

MORAL.

These verses claim a nobler aim
Than cynic sneer or heartless joke,
Yet is not love too oft a flame
That burns awhile, but ends in smoke?

The Conscientious Robber.

Yes, I'm a robber bold,
And yet averse to pillage,
I'd rather watch the fold
As shepherd in a village.

To join in lawless strife
The Fates unkindly sent me,
But for a peaceful life
My better nature meant me.

I plunder right and left,
In ways I blush to mention,
But though I live by theft
I'm honest—in intention;

Oh, would I were a lamb,
So innocent and tender,
Instead of what I am—
A criminal offender!

I'm deadly at a mark,
With dagger, gun, and pistol,
But tho' my deeds are dark,
My heart is pure as crystal.

I may molest and slay,
But never wish to *hurt* you,
I'm longing night and day
To turn from crime to virtue.

But ah ! the way is hard,
The world so unbelieving,
My pleadings they discard,
And force me back to thieving.

Society and Law
Make war on my existence,
'Tis strange they never saw
I loved them—at a distance.

'Tis thus that men are made
Dishonest and licentious,
Yet, following my trade,
I'm truly conscientious

Tho' plunder I secure,
From lord, or cit, or dandy,
I never rob the poor—
When richer folks are handy !

While breaking in a house
I'm such a tender gaby
I wouldn't hurt a mouse,
Or wake a sleeping baby.

And when a man I kill,
Or injure most severely,
'Tis much against my will,
I pity him sincerely.

His pockets then I search
With brotherly affection,
And when I rob a church
I give to the collection !

I've forged, but do not blame
Or make my crime a *worse* 'un,
I only signed the name
Of some *more honest person!*

In lies, and fraud, and guile,
And perjury I revel,
Yet—when it's worth my while—
'Tell truth and shame the Devil."

So, take the case all round,
One great redeeming *fact* is
My principles are sound,
Whatever be my *practice!*

The Brave Ballad of the Belgravia.

A True Nautical Ditty.

It was a gallant British barque,
Belgravia was her name,
I'll sing you how she made her mark
Upon the scroll of fame.

Her Captain, Jonas Jannaway,
A seaman staunch and true,
Had served his time in every clime,
From China to Peru.

Her tars were England's sturdy sons,
Who "scorn'd the foreign yoke."
Her burden was a thousand tons,
Her wood was teak—not oak.

Her passengers were noble lords,
And dames of high degree,
Who took a trip aboard that ship
"Strange countries for to see."

No engines bump'd and jump'd and thump'd
Within her breadth of beam,
Because, d'ye see, the vessel went
By sail, and not by steam.

So naught befel, but all went well,
She blythely plough'd the seas,
Until they made Madeira's Isle,
Among the Portuguese.

When he who had command of her
Some cargo fain would land ;
Up spake the Customs' officer
" Your goods are contraband.

"Your cargo we may confiscate,
Or fine you by our laws,
And here you'll be compell'd to wait
Till we have tried the cause."

And eke up spake the Governor—
" Your vessel we must seize,
For *Customs* here are most severe
Among the Portuguese."

" Our men shall board your ship to-day,
She goes no longer free,"
" And if they do " said Captain J.
" We'll pitch 'em in the sea !"

The Governor said " If aught you do
To give our laws the slip,
The cannons from the Fort of Loo
Shall fire upon your ship."

Then up spake Captain Jannaway,—
" Don't fancy I'm afraid,
For times thirteen, thro' fire I've been,
To run the fierce blockade.

" So blaze away, good friends, I pray!"—
The vessel sail'd that night,
With steady breeze, o'er glassy seas,
In moonlight full and bright.

The crew and passengers upheld
Their Captain staunch and true,
And, sink or swim, they'd stick to him
Till all was black and blue.

The cannon thunder'd from Loo Rock,
But no *Belgravia* sank,
She scarcely even felt the shock
Because the charge was blank.

"Up with the British flag, that braves
The battle and the breeze,
'Twill carry dread," the Captain said,
"Among the Portuguese!"

But, heeding not, with deadly shot,
The hostile cannon bang'd,
The Captain only smiled and cried—
"The Portuguese be hang'd!"

"I smile, you bet, at such a threat,
I laugh to scorn their fire,
Should any fear to face them here,
Let him or her retire."

But none would go and hide below,
No ladies left the group,
To show they scorn'd the Foreign foe,
They stay'd upon the poop;

The shot fell far, the shot fell near,
And deep its echoes roar'd,
It carried off the bowsprit-gear,
It dash'd the spray abroad.

One hour the cannonade prevail'd,
But none were hurt or slain,
Unscathed the bold *Belgravia* sail'd,
Bound for the Spanish Main.

Now, had the ship been nearer in,
Instead of further out,
Then every shot had done a lot
Of harm, beyond a doubt;

Or had the guns been long in range,
Or fail'd to miss their mark,
Then every "boom" had rung the doom
Of someone on the barque.

But bloodlessly that contest closed
(As contests seldom do)
Which made the Fort of Loo a sort
Of Naval *Water* Loo.

Then hail to Captain Jannaway,
His flag who never struck,
And all on board, who nobly scored,
And show'd their British pluck.

O, England, you may well be proud,
Of incidents like these,
But English yachts, beware of shots,
Among the Portuguese!

The Cruise of the Cheshire Cat.

A Tough Yarn.

When I was but a shaver
About as high as *that*,
They bound me to a slaver,
Her name the "Cheshire Cat;"
The Captain was a Rover
Of most ferocious kind,
Who sail'd the wide world over,
New victims for to find.

Chorus—Oh! the crew of the "Cheshire Cat,"
It *was* their constant boast,
No laws ever made could stop their trade,
On the golden Guinea Coast.

The Chief Mate was a villain,
I never know'd a worse,
Uncommon fond o' killin',
And lord! how he did curse;
The Steward, from Malacca,
A most owdacious thief,
Who prigg'd our rum and 'bacca,
Our biscuits, pork and beef.

Chorus—Oh, the crew, &c.

The crew aboard consisted
Of men of every tongue,
The Captain had enlisted
The biggest rogues unhung;
You'd shudder if I stated
One half the horrid crimes,
Those men had perpetrated
In distant foreign climes.

CHORUS—Oh, the crew, &c.

One day we'd shipp'd a cargo
Of "Ivory" known as "Black,"
And under strict embargo
We fear'd the foe's attack;
But once on open ocean
We dared 'em give us chase,
And laugh'd to scorn the notion
Of losing in the race.

CHORUS—Oh, the crew, &c.

But when we saw a cutter
Steam after us, full pelt,
Then you may judge the utter
Confusion that we felt,
For swifter than a swallow
She swept across the blue,
That she could beat us hollow
Was plaguey plain to view!

CHORUS—Oh, the crew, &c.

And soon the cannons thunder'd
Between the vessels twain,
Of men, above a hundred,
I calculate, were slain?

Yet still the cutter chased us,
She went so smart and brisk,
That every moment placed us
In great and greater risk;

CHORUS—Oh, the crew, &c.

Our ship was overloaded
With niggers stow'd below,
However forced and goaded,
Her pace was precious slow;
To make it worse than ever,
A fearful storm arose,
Which baffled each endeavour
To get beyond our foes.

CHORUS—Oh, the crew, &c.

The vessel kept a-rolling,
The waves were pouring in,
(A ship's beyond controlling
When once such storms begin);
Besides, her hulk was batter'd
With broadsides fierce and hot,
Her masts and sails were shatter'd
And riddled by the shot.

CHORUS—Oh, the crew, &c.

Then fiercely growl'd the Rover,—
"Attend to my remarks,
We'll chuck the niggers over
And let 'em feed the sharks;
The vessel thus we'll lighten,
Our foes shall plainly see
It's rather hard to frighten
Old sea-dogs such as we!"

CHORUS—Oh, the crew, &c.

Our victims then up-hauling
We saw—astounding sight!
The waters on them falling
Had wash'd those niggers *white*;
In fact, they'd black'd their faces
To take us by surprise,
Now, arm'd, they took their places,—
White sailors in disguise!

CHORUS—Oh, the crew, &c.

Their leader cried "Surrender,
You slaver, with your crew
And ship—you *can't* defend her,
We're twice as strong as you,
Or else, my gallant Rover,
Attend to *my* remarks,
We'll chuck *you* rascals over,
And let *you* feed the sharks!"

CHORUS—Oh, the crew, &c.

To make the story shorter,
They seized us there and then,
Refusing to give quarter
To any of our men;
When we were brought to trial,
So damning were the facts,
In vain was each denial
Of our atrocious acts.

CHORUS—Oh, the crew, &c.

They hang'd the Rover Captain,
The Steward and First Mate,
The rest of us were clapp'd in
A gaol, our doom to wait:

The others got transported,
I only, to my joy,
Was pardon'd, and exhorted
To be a better boy !

CHORUS—Oh, the crew &c.

Tho' some, I know, may doubt it,
This yarn is gospel true ;
I've told you all about it,
The slaver, ship, and crew.
By *honest* toil I'm willing
To work my way to wealth,
And if you'll spare a shilling,
I'll drink your honour's health.

CHORUS—Oh, the crew of the "Cheshire Cat"
No longer ruled the roast,
The law having made 'em stop their trade
On the golden Guinea coast.

The Yarn of Ben Bobstay.

Ben Bobstay was a galliant Tar,
(With a yo and a yo-heave-ho.)
Who sailed for South Amer*ica*r,
(With a yo and a yo-heave-ho.)
One day when on the main roy'l top
He tumbled into the water—flop !
So there he was on the open sea,
For the Captain wouldn't stop for *he*,
And the stormy winds did blow.

Six months he floated day and night,
(With a yo and a yo-heave-ho.)
For never a vessel hove in sight,
(With a yo and a yo-heave-ho.)
But when his strength began to fail,
Got rescued by a friendly whale ;
To take him home the whale then tried,
But caught the hooping cough and died,
And the stormy winds did blow

Say Ben " If once I gets ashore,
(With a yo and a yo-heave-ho.)
You don't catch *I* at sea no more ;
(With a yo and a yo-heave-ho.)
For the peril's great and the pay is small,
And I'd rather be a nigger at St. James' Hall."
So back to England he did swim,
Ten thousand miles—no joke for *him*.
When the stormy winds did blow.

Thus Ben became a famous man,
(With a yo and a yo-heave-ho.)
Rear-Admiral of the Black-and-Tan.
(With a yo and a yo-heave-ho.)
He hired a boat that proved unsound,
And in the Serpentine got drown'd ;
We mourn his loss, lament his faults,
Fresh water don't agree with *Salts !*
When the stormy winds do blow.

Ben Bobstay left a loving bride,
(With a yo and a yo-heave-ho.)
Just five feet high and four feet wide,
(With a yo and yo-heave-ho.)
She's living now at Singapore,
Her age is half-past sixty-four ;
This is "A case of real distress,"
So send your cheques to *my* address,
Where the stormy winds *don't* blow.

Music by WALTER SLAUGHTER.

Published by CRAMER & Co., Regent Street, W.

Sung in the Drury Lane Pantomime, Christmas, 1887.

To — Smith, Esquire.

A Suggestion.

Yes, yours must be an awkward *name*, Smith,
For scores of neighbours own the *same*, Smith;
No wonder you confuse and mix, Smith,
And put your postman in a fix, Smith;
Tho' "Smyth" and "Smythe, and "Smijthe" you try, Smith,
We see thro' *that* with half an eye, Smith;
Your Patronymic, were it mine, Smith,
With some good prefix I'd combine, Smith,
And from your all-too-numerous stock, Smith,
Shine out as "Coppersmith," or "Locksmith."
Take your complexion, age, or height, Smith;
Be "Tallsmith," "Shortsmith," "Youngsmith," "Whitesmith,"
Be Scotch or Irish—"O'Smith," *Mac*smith";
Be African, as "Brownsmith," "Blacksmith,"
And why not "Graysmith," "Redsmith," "Blue-smith,"
Or "Bootsmith"?—(We've already "Shoesmith")
If wealth from Fortune's store flows *in*, Smith,
Be "Goldsmith," "Silversmith," or "*Tin*smith;"
If stout, be "Grossmith," slender, "*Thin*smith,"
Try "Rumsmith," "Brandysmith," or "Ginsmith";
Patrician "Fitzsmith," suits you well, Smith,
Still grander sounds "Sir Loftus Swellsmith,"
"Nasmyth" by origin is *Nail*smith,
Why shouldn't "Pasmyth" spring from "Palesmith?"
In short, by this ingenious plan, Smith,
You'll soon be "quite another man," "Smith."
Consider well what I suggest, Smith,
I'm sure I've done it for the best, Smith.

Nursery Nonsense.

(On an Old and Approved Model.)

There was an old woman named Hannah,
Who wore an enormous bandannah,
It stretched, they pretend,
From Skye to Land's end,
Or else from New York to Havannah.

There was a young boy in the city,
Whose food was continually gritty,
It drove the poor child
So thoroughly wild,
That somebody kill'd him in pity.

There was an old man of Glamorgan,
As ugly and grim as a Gorgon,
He lost all he had,
And went to the bad,
And now he goes round with an organ.

There was an old woman of Hayti,
The name of whose daughter was Katie,
She call'd her aunt, "Sal,"
Her mother "old gal,"
Addressing her father as "matey."

There once was a noble Sardinian,
Expell'd from his native dominion,
He never came back,
But dyed himself black,
And now he's a grand Abyssinian.

There was a young lady of Utah,
Who went and eloped with her *tutah*.
A masculine he,
A feminine she,
And as for their money, 'twas *neutah*.

There was an old Greek of Roumelia,
The name of whose daughter was Delia,
She dress'd in bright red,
With horns on her head,
When playing the part of Ophelia.

There once was a creature named Dougal,
Whose habits were Scottish and frugal,
He played "Home, sweet home!"
On paper and comb,
To save the expense of a bugle.

There dwelt, near the famed Guadalquiver,
A Spaniard who suffer'd from "liver,"
He made such a noise
That several bad boys
At length pitch'd him into the river.

There was a young lady named Mabel,
Who said "I will talk while I'm able!"
She chatter'd so fast
They shut her at last
For life in the Tower of Babel.

Mr. O'Bull's Valentine.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.)

Dear Norah, me heart is your image's dwellin'
(Tho' how can that be, when you've stole it away?)
I tell of affection that's far beyond tellin',
Don't close your bright eyes to the words that I say.

I'm yours to command, both in weepin' and laughter,
I wake all the night, that of you I may drame,
I'd kill meself first, if you'd marry me after,
And tho' I may change, I'll be ever the same.

In beauty and grace, you surpass all your *betters*,
There's none—*tho' I've look'd for 'em*—nearly as fair,
Keep saycret, yes, e'en from *yourself*, my love letters,
And when we next meet, don't forget to be there.

I'm off—what o' that?—far from Erin to wander,
Pray dry up your tears, ere in moisture they start,
As absence, we know, only makes the heart fonder,
I'll love ye the best when we're farthest apart.

Love's griefs are so pleasant, there's joy in complainin',
They're fillin' me heart, that's already too full,
Good-bye, dear, I'm goin', tho' still I'm *remainin'*,
Your own *Patrick Dennis Macarthy O'Bull.*

The Amorous Alphabet.

Supposing A made love to B,
But had for rivals C and D,
And B, to all their pleadings deaf,
Was "spoons" on E, who courted F;
Supposing G, H, I, and J,
All loved alike the lovely K,
Who smiled on L, but not on *them*,
While L himself was fond of M;
Then N and O had both in view
In spite of P, the hand of Q,
And R, completely "gone" on S,
Had left her T in deep distress,
While U, V, W, and X,
Thought Y the empress of her sex,
Whose charms had even turn'd the head
Of staid and philosophic Z;
Suppose they all, with jealous rage,
In deadly combat should engage;
The capitals would lead, of course,
The smaller letters march in force;
Suppose the diphthongs join'd the fray,
And stops and dashes pegg'd away,
Till, maim'd and mix'd, of form bereft,
No single letter would be left.
Oh, fatal fight; oh, fearful plight,
No longer could we print or write!

The Deed of Darkness.

(A Fragment—after Byron).

'Twas night: the world was wrapp'd in slumbers deep,
Alone he broke the solemn reign of sleep,
Pale was his cheek, as if some carking care
Had seized his soul, and made its dwelling there.
He stops. What sudden pangs convulse him now?
Why clasps that hand his high and pallid brow?
Why beats the other madly on his breast,
As if to still some demon into rest?
Ah! little those who view the surface know
The depth of sorrow that may lie below;
The miseries, too horrible to name,
Which one may bear, and yet smile on the same,
Till night and solitude shall tear away
The hollow mask we show the world by day.
He sets the lamp upon its wonted stand,
Pours out a limpid draught with trembling hand,
Then turns to something whose repellent guise
Makes him avert his horror-stricken eyes—
Something minute in size, but who can tell
What powers of life or death within it dwell?
He pauses—nerves his courage to the deed,
One gulp—one groan—then others fast succeed,
The crystal-seeming, yet suspicious draught,
Raised to his ashen lips, is quickly quaffed,
His features writhe in pain's most maddening throes,
And thro' his frame a dreadful shudder goes.
What *has* he done? What act beyond recall
Has steep'd his soul in guilt?—why, none at all,
To cure the headache, and dyspepsia's ills,
The man has taken anti-bilious pills!

A Prawn—y Pæan.

(By a Poetical Prawner.)

[An article in the *Echo* goes into ecstasies on the delights of prawning at Dover as a holiday pastime.]

How, where should holidays be spent?
Not tennis-ing on grassy lawns,
Not racing o'er the Continent,
But down at Dover, catching prawns.

O'er Highland hills to shoot or catch
Swift stags or fairy-footed fawns
Is nice, no doubt, but "not a patch
On" netting Dover's matchless prawns.

Not when the sun hath noonday power,
Nor when the infant morning dawns,
But in the soft, sweet evening hour,
That is the time to fish for prawns.

With net and pole and canvas bag,
With trousers to the knees updrawn,
Wade in the surf, thereout to drag
The lovely, lively, lithesome prawn.

Let kings on all the dainties dine,
Which earth yields up, or ocean spawns;
What are they to a full and fine
Delicious dish of Dover prawns?

Ye Sybarites, on beds of down,
Whose lives are pass'd in listless yawns,
Go, rouse yourselves, and start from town,
'Neath Shakespeare's Cliff to fish for prawns.

And ye, who in life's game of chess,
Are number'd 'mid the humble pawns,
Forget your failures, for success
You yet may win—in catching prawns!

A Zoological Pandemonium.

(RECOMMENDED TO ARTISTS AS A SUBJECT FOR ILLUSTRATION).

When the raven bays the moon,
Seated on the still lagoon;
When the walrus and the whale
Warble like the Nightingale;
When the elephant begins
Playing baccarat and wins,
Till he gets so roaring drunk
He can scarcely see his trunk;
While the friendly dog and cat
Wonder what he's driving at;
When the nimble centipede
Teaches orphan boys to read;
When the stork and marmoset
Mingle in a minuet;
And the sprightly kangaroo
Waltzes with the cockatoo;
When the sparrows dance gavottes,
All among the chimney-pots;
When the fir-trees moan and shake,
At the noise the fishes make—
Playing fiddles, harps and horns,
To amuse the unicorns,
While the coon among the leaves,
Rivals Sims or Herbert Reeves;

When the rugged Russian bear
Trills a soft Italian air,
And the spider and his wife
Jodel on the dulcet fife ;
When the tender-eyed gazelle
Takes the part of William Tell ;
When the meek and timid dove
Hides his blushes in a glove ;
When the camel, pleased as Punch,
Takes a Duchess down to lunch ;
When the lizard gives the snipe
Lessons on the meerschaum pipe,
While the smooth and silky snake
Hands around the currant cake,
And the careful crocodile
Swallows pills to cure the bile ;
When the skylark has begun
Painting portraits on the sun ;
When the mouse will only squeak
In the purest classic Greek,
And the 'possum cleans his boots
With the finest Hebrew roots,
While the wise and wily goat
Sets two companies afloat,
And the fox and badger join
In the plunder of the coin ;
When the linnet leaves his cage
Mad to go upon the stage,
And the dormouse, every day,
Gives a special *matinée*—
When these wonders come to pass,
Then it is as clear as glass
That the brain, with fancies teeming,
Has a fit of fever'd dreaming.

Feline Felicities.

Oh ! would I were a pussy cat,
  Then what a happy world were this !
For I have always fancied *that*
  Must be the very height of bliss !

To be a cat, and know no care
  (" Care killed a cat," in days of yore,
But cases such as this are rare,
  Perhaps the cat was ill before.)

How sweet to roam in restless search
  From top to bottom of the house,
To pull canary from his perch,
  Or watch the wary, fragrant mouse !

To climb the garden trees, and drop
  On some young sparrow, fine and fat,
To pace the wall or wash-house top,
  This, *this* it is to be a cat !

But I would be a kitten first,
  For plain it is to any dunce,
Upon the world I could not burst
  A full-grown feline all at once.

I'd frisk and gambol, wild and free,
  On Mother Tabby's coat of fur,
And she would scamper after me,
  And I would " chivy " after her ;

I'd be the pet of girl and boy,
And wear a bow of crimson silk,
And oh ! what rapture to enjoy
The *lap* of luxury—in milk !

To gaze at my reflection, found
In some bright mirror on the wall,
To chase my tail all round and round,
And never catch it after all.

To stretch before the genial blaze,
With bits of buttered toast to eat,
In warmest rug on coldest days,
Must be a most ecstatic treat.

To tease the chickens—make 'em run
With all their might at my approach,
To play with flies and frogs—what fun !
Or crush the crawling, crisp cockroach.

To find some gold and silver fish,
And snatch them from their globe of glass ;
To steal a chop from off a dish,
And go and eat it on the grass.

To meet my mistress in my games,
And rub my head against her shins ;
To hear her call me pretty names,
As "tootsy," "tootums," "tittikins !"

To nestle in some lofty bed,
With cloaks and bonnets strewn about,
And snooze until, with stealthy tread,
Some mortal comes and turns me out.

To purr the purr of sweet repose,
On some one's lap, so soft and warm—
These pleasures are denied to those
Who walk about in human form.

Look how a kitten has the pull
  Who finds a work-box, which contains
A pile of cotton, silk and wool,
  And plays cat's-cradle with the skeins.

One fear alone would dash my joys,
  I've heard, with horror and surprise,
Of puppies turned to saveloys,
  And pretty pussies put in pies!

And traps will catch, and guns will hit,
  And cats of poison'd food have died,
And there are monsters who commit
  The deadly crime of *pussicide!*

Tho' bliss in feline life is found,
  "Nine lives" to few will fate allow,
And had I at my birth been drown'd
  Pray where should I have been by *now?*

The Lunatic Lover's Lament.

O, cut me a morsel of moonbeam-pie,
And sop it in sauce from the sounding sea,
Then follow my flight thro' the flaming sky,
And wait till I'm willing to tell you why
The noise of a nation is nought to me.

I've pepper'd Papa with Peruvian bark,
I've bottled my brother in boiling tears,
I've collar'd a cabin in Noah's Ark,
So there I'll dance till the day grows dark,
Then sleep on the slope of the sliding years.

I've thunder'd and thump'd at the tomb of Time,
I've grumbl'd and growl'd at its garish gleam,
I've roved and raved in a realm of rhyme,
I'm soaked in sorrow, and crush'd with crime,
And what is the world but a fever'd dream?

The hyacinth hies to his Highland home,
The ladybird laughs at the joysome jest,
The pelican pines in his gilded dome,
But neither the Tyrants of Greece nor Rome
Can rob my soul of its want of rest.

Oh! ages have pass'd since my lov'd one died,
And cycles have fled since they call'd her hence!
I gloom and glide by the raging tide,
I wander alone o'er the waters wide,
I'm madder than all the world beside,
And never can utter one word of sense!

A Yule-Tide Protest.

(By a Blasé Bard.)

Why should I sing of Christmas joys?
Of Yule-logs burning in the grate,
Of puddings, dear to girls and boys,
Of smoking dish, and loaded plate?
Why should I eulogise roast beef,
Or make mince-pie a theme for fun?
Those eatables, in my belief,
Have been most sadly *overdone.*

I know not wherefore I should sing
Of mistletoe and maidens kissed,
We've harp'd upon that tender string,
So oft, 'tis well we should desist.
The Christmas mirth, so much enjoyed,
The Christmas dances, waits, and chimes,
These well-worn subjects I'll avoid,
They *have* been done so *many* times!

I'd warble, were I orthodox,
Of Christmas tree and childish sport,
Of Pantomime and Christmas-box,
But *I'll* do nothing of the sort.
"Old Father Christmas" is a bore,
I can't respect his locks of white,
I wish snap-dragon were no more,
And holly *berry'd* out of sight.

To wassail-bowls I won't allude,
Why praise our Ancestors' excess?
Nor mummers, masks, and revels rude
Of "Bluff King Hal" or "Good Queen Bess."
Old customs have their rise and fall,
Their purpose time at length destroys,
Bless me! It seems that after all
I *have* discoursed on Christmas joys!

The New Bagdad Railway.

A railway to Bagdad! magnificent scheme!
But oh! what a shock to ideas sentimental!
Prosaic "improvements" like tramways and steam
Are death to the beauty of lands Oriental.
Though stations be built in a style arabesque,
And porters and guards wear the caftan and turban,
There still must be something bizarre and burlesque
In "Main Line to Mecca" or "Bagdad Suburban."
Oh, shadow of Haroun Alráschid the Great,
Which hovers o'er Bagdad, and "never grows *less*" there,
To think of the Caliph and Vizier in State
Parading the platform to meet the *express* there!
Imagine the Harem, with swarthy Mesrour,
Black slaves, odalisques, and attendants in plenty,
Securing their seats, "there and back" for a tour,
"Train starts for Damascus direct at eight-twenty."
Bismillah! how peris and genies would stare
To see the steam demon in magic their master,
And find, though like birds *they* can wing through the air,
The telegraph travels full fifty times faster!
Just fancy old Bagdad with railway hotels,
Trams, 'buses, and cabs, and broad boul'vards like Paris;
What next? Comic papers, and Gaiety swells,
And music-halls pantomimes "boss'd" by Gus Harris!
I sigh at the prospect, romantic regret
O'ercomes me, though practical Britons may scoff it,
And Moslems, delighted that railway to get,
May clamour for shares "in the name of the *Profit!*"

Stanzas to be Set to a Mad March Air.

The wild chickens howl in the purple-wing'd gloaming,
The wandering watch-dog illumines the sky,
The sad silent snail o'er the mountain is roaming,
And tame timid tigers glide gracefully by.

The wurzel exults in the pride of its beauty,
The beetroot embodies the soul of the past,
The centipede warbles a song by Pinsuti,
But ah! such delights are too lovely to last.

Oh, sad was my soul when from Sybil I parted,
'Tis more than ten thousand long years since we met,
But the soft silver sob to her eyelids that started
Is one of those things that I *cannot* forget.

I've drunk—who has *not?*—of the deluge at Dover,
I've bask'd in the beams of the blooming Bohea,
But tho' I may roam all the firmament over
I'll never forget to come home to my tea!

General B.

A Salvation Sketch.

General B. (with that initial, you methinks
can guess the rest)
Held the rank of chief official 'mid the legions
of the blest,
He had wept o'er human frailties, still he
warr'd with crime and sin,
Mix'd Salvation with sensation, just to bring
the sinners in.
Led an Army brave and mighty, marching on
to kingdom come,
Though their words and deeds were flighty,
and their music mostly *drum*.
O'er his hordes the Grecian Eagle clapped
its metaphoric wings,
He had caught it, tamed and taught it how to soar to better
things.
As a preacher and a teacher he could reach a sinner's heart,
In his pious ministrations all his family took part;
Sure the grandest propagandist still more powerful must feel
When his wife can preach a sermon eighty minutes off the reel.
And his son reclaimed poor drunkards—led them to teetotal
bliss,
While his daughter crossed the water to convert the French and
Swiss;

'Mid his leaders often readers meet with names that sound profane—
"Colonel Soul-Redemption Tommy," "Captain Hallelujah Jane."
They had troops in every city, followed by ecstatic throngs,
Chanting many a sacred ditty to the tunes of comic songs;
Much they talked of war and battle, captives taken, Satan quash'd,
Crowns and crosses, gains and losses, sinners in the fountain washed.
Sign and wonder, blood and thunder, golden harp and angel choir,
For their "War Cry" was a ha'penny, and their motto "Blood and Fire,"
Such profusion! no exclusion, souls in batches they'd admit.
Age, position, sex, condition—didn't signify a bit.
Boys of five and girls of seven help'd to gain the Army's ends,
Prattled prettily of heaven to mamma, papa, and friends;
'Twas with words, not swords and rifles, victory was achieved, you see,
But they didn't stick at trifles in the ranks of General B.

Many methods have been taken sin and Satan to resist,
Some believe his power is shaken by the force of tongue and fist.
Others favour means more gentle, soft reproof, persuasion mild,
Or impressions sentimental, to convert the erring child.
General B., as records tell us, went upon the former plan,
Loud, aggressive, over-zealous, storming at the soul of man,
Posing as a chosen teacher, by philanthropy inspired.
Deep, prophetic, energetic, by his efforts never tired.
Like an eagle Heavenward gazing, yet colluding, none the less,
With the Mammon and the Gammon of this world's unrighteousness.
To the vulgar taste appealing, never quiet, calm, or cool,
Stirring up religious feeling as he'd stir a stagnant pool.

Was he right? I greatly doubt it, tho' he gathered souls so fast,
Aye, and bragg'd so much about it, did their new conversion last?
Plants that grow so very quickly seldom strike a solid root,
Soon became effete and sickly, never bear abundant fruit,
Tho' you promise Janes and Tommies, "little soldier" girls and boys,
Vague, supernal, sempiternal splendours and rewards and joys.
Tho' processions make impressions on the ignorant and young,
And "knee drill" and "free and easies" benefit the limbs and tongue.
Drums and trumpets, jumping, shouting, save no souls, and never could,
Nor can unconsidered spouting lead to spiritual good,
High-faluting soul-recruiting *may* be honest and sincere,
(And they cost, beyond disputing, many thousand pounds a year)
Still the best are but advisers of the erring and depraved,
Not the sole monopolisers of the means of being saved;
Every antic, strange and frantic, tho' such proselytes may play,
They will be no nearer heaven than if they walk'd the narrow way,
And so I'll be that person's debtor, who will plainly prove to me
That the world is any better for the work of General B.

Old Drury Lane Annual, 1883.

"The Sailor's Departure."

[Some reporters now use the word "farewell," as a verb active.]

With trembling yet tenacious grip
His weeping sweetheart's hand he held,
Said he "You'll have to leave the ship,
Farewell, dear Poll," so Poll *farewell'd.*

His parents, too, had tried in vain
Their tears to dry, their grief to hide,
Said they "Until we meet again,
Oh, Jack, goodbye!"—so Jack *goodbyed.*

Sore grieved his comrades, who had shared
With him in many an *escapade,*
"Cheer up, I'm hopeful," Jack declared.
"Then ta-ta, Tom,"—so Tom *ta-ta'd.*

Old Uncle Long appear'd more firm,
When on the deck, with sailors thronged,
Jack used that quaint colonial term—
"So-long, old man,"—so Long *so-long'd.*

Oppress'd by many a gloomy fear,
Lone Mary sigh'd in solitude,
"I saw the last of Jack, poor dear,
When on the vessel we *adieu'd.*"

Time pass'd, and he at length came back,
A briny hero, tanned and scarred,
"We needn't have *farewell'd,*" said Jack,
"We might have merely *au revoir'd.*"

"The Soldier's Return."

"The better part of valour is discretion."—*Shakespeare.*

Friends, from battle I am coming,
Parents, welcome home your son,
From the marching, drilling, drumming,
I have simply "cut and run,"
I have made but slight endeavour
As a hero to behave,
For you know that I was never
Constitutionally brave.

REFRAIN— Bears and lions may delight in
Combat fierce to do or die,
But the only sort of fighting
Fit for me is—*fighting shy!*

What's the good of fame and glory
That we never live to see?
Folks may say "you'll live in story,"
That is *not* the life for *me*;
I prefer to make it certain,
And for fame decline to stay,
So, while evening draws it's curtain,
Softly do I steal away.

REFRAIN— Bears and Lions, &c.

Oh ! I love the roar of battle,
(From a distance safe and sound)
Rolling drum and cannon's rattle
Thrill me with a joy profound ;
Yet I feel a strange revulsion
When the pressing dangers near.
(I'm a soldier on compulsion,
Not an eager Volunteer).

REFRAIN— Bears and lions, &c.

Tho' the spirit may be willing,
Still the flesh is weak, you see,
Neither being kill'd, nor killing
Recommends itself to me ;
Laurel-wreaths let others gather,
Die—to stand in bronze or stone
Honoured statues—*I* would rather
Live in humble flesh and bone.

REFRAIN— Bears and lions, &c.

When to-morrow into action
All my brave companions go,
May I hear with satisfaction
Of their triumph o'er the foe !
But, if conquered, how distressing !
Tearfully their tale I'll tell,
Thus I leave them, with my blessing,
Field of glory, fare thee well !

REFRAIN—Bears and lions, &c.

"The Travelling Troubadour."

A Pattern Patter Song.

I'm a Troubadour by trade, and I sing a serenade
As sweetly as a cat upon the tiles,
I wander near and far with my fiddle and guitar,
I've travell'd over twenty thousand miles!
For I am such a rover, you may search Creation over,
To meet with so adventurous a youth!
And if you don't believe me, you'll very greatly grieve me.
I pride myself so much upon my truth.

Refrain.

Such a wonderful musician you have never seen before,
So kindly please to patronise the Travelling Troubadour.

I'm a Troubadour by trade, I'm a minstrel ready-made,
I've doted upon music from my birth,
For I can play and sing on any mortal thing,
And warble every language on the earth;
I sing Italiano, and I play the grand piano,
I'm also a composer of repute,
There never was a fellow so clever on the 'cello,
So sweet upon the cornet and the flute.

Refrain.

Such a wonderful musician you have never seen before,
So kindly please to patronise the Travelling Troubadour.

When I sing a song of love, Oh! I coo it like a dove,
So tender and so touching is the air,
And then I roll my eyes, and heave tremendous sighs,
Expressing disappointment and despair:
My look is so dejected that the ladies are affected,
I hear them say, in pity for my fate—
"A disappointed lover! Oh dear, how he must suffer!"
They drop a tear—and sixpence—in the plate.

REFRAIN.

Such a wonderful musician you have never seen before,
So kindly please to patronise the Travelling Troubadour.

I appear'd upon the stage at a very early age,
A marvel of success I've ever been,
At concerts I have sung, when very small and young,
I had to mount a table to be seen;
I've gained a lot of glory as an *Improvisatoré*,
At recitations often made a hit;
Both humorous and tragic, and I'm good at parlour magic,
And funny tales enough to make you split.

REFRAIN.

Such a wonderful performer you have never seen before,
So kindly please to patronise the Travelling Troubadour.

I can caper, skip, and prance, for I'm great upon the dance,
And whether it's a solo or a set,
I'm always on the hop, till I'm spinning like a top,
Or marching thro' the stately minuet;
I dance the *Tarantella*, like a sprightly *Zingarella*,
I join the gay fandango of Castile,
In sunny Catalonia, or in chilly Caledonia,
I give them the *bolero* or the reel.

REFRAIN.

Such a wonderful performer you have never seen before,
So *don't* forget to patronise the Travelling Troubadour!

The Maiden's Medley.

A Bedlamite Ballad.

One Summer's eve, in pensive thought
Xarifa, comin' thro' the rye,
Cried, "Say not woman's heart is bought!"
(The tear fell gently from her eye)

"For Duncan Gray cam' here to woo,
Deserted by the waning moon,
Adieu my native land, adieu,
Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon!

"O, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me?
I give thee all, I can no more,
I know a maiden fair to see,
On old Long Island's sea-girt shore.

"Then steer my bark to Erin's Isle,
Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And smile as thou were wont to smile,
Full fathom five thy father lies.

"Blow, gentle gales, and on your wings
Oh, bid your faithful Ariel fly.
Hark! hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,
And where the bee sucks, there lurk I.

"Why are you wandering here, I pray,
Ye Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled?
But take, O take, those lips away,
I'm going to my lonely bed.

"My mother bids me bind my hair,
Here in cool grot and mossy cell,
And so, sweet spirit, hear my prayer,
And Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!"

"A Night Alarm."

"A harmless, necessary (?) cat."—SHYLOCK.
"Making night hideous."—HAMLET.
"Requies-*cat* in pace."—HERVEY'S "Meditations among the TOMS."

'Tis silence all; the sable pall
Of night is thickly glooming,
Tho' others sleep, awake I keep,
My midnight oil consuming.

While, cheek-by-jowl, my favorite owl,
In contemplation closes
His dreamy eyes, and looks as wise
As Solomon or Moses.

I cannot rest, for on my breast
A weight of woe is pressing,
And from my lips there often slips
Some word that's *not* a blessing.

My pen is dipped, the manuscript
Lies incomplete before me,
When up I bound. "Again that sound
Of discord loud and stormy!"

Such yells and howls, and groans and growls,
Such shrieking, wailing, hissing,
Like souls that fell, and dwell in—well!—
Among the "lost" or "missing."

Then bumps and thumps, and runs and jumps,
And gambols acrobatic,
Oh CATS accurst!—that *is* the worst
Of living in an attic!

For one can hear their noise so near,
Yet cannot stop or curb it,
Why, were my sleep ten fathoms deep,
Those monsters would disturb it.

They daze my brains, they shake the panes,
In deadly combat groping,
As if "Old Scratch" had met his match,
And fought him on the coping.

'Twill last till morn, it can't be borne;
I'll give them such a rouser!
"Come, owlish one, let's make'em run
Like mice before the mouser!"

I so decide, and opening wide
What Pat would call the "windy,"
See five or six grimalkins mix
In one tremendous shindy!

With bushy tails and hooky nails,
And eyes fork'd lightnings shooting,
They clutch and claw, like men on law
Or politics disputing.

Oh! Tom and Tab, why maul and grab
Your dear relations' features?
Ah! woe is me, that cats should be
Such fierce un-*feline* creatures!

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,"
Let bears be over*bear*ing,
But Puss or Kit should ne'er commit
Gross *purr*jury by "swearing."

Yon minstrel black, who sits at back
(The contest fighting *shy* of).
Now bays the moon with such a tune
As *any* cow would die of.

In rage I fling the nearest thing—
A hard and heavy folio—
To break the group, to make 'em "troop,"
And finish their *imbroglio.*

My method tells; they cease their yells,
'Tis silence instantaneous.
No cat that prowls is fond of owls,
Or missiles *miss*(*i*)*le*-aneous.

They shrink aloof; along the roof,
In *roof*-ul scare retreating.
Away they go, no doubt they know
Some other place of meeting.

* * * *

Night's sable shawl still wraps St. Paul,
(No star that *pall* adorning.)
But dawn's faint tinge now puts a fringe
Of silver on the *mo*(*u*)*rning.*

The lamp is dim, and cold and grim.
The grate, once warm and ruddy,
All tends to foil my midnight (*t*)*oil*,
Dear owl, farewell to study.

The storm is past; I seek at last
The realm of balmy slumbers;
But still I dream of cats that teem
In overwhelming numbers.

When sparrows "cheep," and "milk" and "sweep,"
Pass by, their clients calling,
Their echoes shrill my visions fill
With phan*Toms* catawauling.

But oh! still worse—my epic verse,
Ten cantos of "Crusaders"
They're gone! they're lost! in anger toss'd
At those "mol-row"-ing raiders.

Hence, cats—avaunt! for if you haunt
Again my upper storey.
I'll have your gore, and add one more
To murder's *cat*-e-*gory*!

"The Aspiring Excursionist."

I'm sick of the "sad sea waves"
Of Britain's monotonous shore,
And the hackney'd round of the tourist ground
I heartily do abhor :—
Let's start for the wild Crimea,
Malacca, or Yucatan,
Cross Russia's wastes to the far Corea,
Or the Isles of fair Japan.

I'm longing to have my fling
In the forests of sweet Ceylon,
Eat yams with a South Sea Island King;
And curry with Prester John,
I'd "chum" with a Cherokee Chief,
A Kaffir or Esquimaux,
Make friends with those singular chaps, the
Lapps,
Or the Dyaks of Borneo.

Let's travel to Timbuctoo,
Tho' Tropical suns may roast,
Let's tread the Pampas of proud Peru,
Or the Coromandel Coast,
Melbourne, Morocco, Hong Kong,
And Mecca I long to see,
But Brighton, Margate, or mere "Bolong"
Oh, mention no more to *me!*

"Mongolianization."

[It is said the Chinese are emigrating to British Columbia in such large numbers, that fears are entertained of the population becoming Mongolianized.]

Oh! horrid to anticipate!
Oh! hardly to be realised!
British Columbia's doom'd by fate
Ere long to be Mongolianized!

The ruddy Saxon Colonist
Whose British blood is justly prized,
Will then, alas! no more exist,
Save in a form Mongolianized.

His slanting eyes and sing-song tone,
His nose—the "snub" so much despised—
His hair in lengthy pigtail grown
Will show he's quite Mongolianized!

Instead of simply asking "how
D' you do?" like persons civilised,
He'll say "chin-chin!" or else "chow-chow,"
So much he'll be Mongolianized.

He'll choose for food fat rats and mice,
And dishes cunningly devised
Of birds-nests, puppy dogs, and rice,
A *menu* quite Mongolianized.

Unsugar'd tea will be his drink,
His name, in hieroglyphs disguised,
He'll write with brush and Indian ink,
Just fancy "Smith" Mongolianized!

His wife will totter in her walk,
On feet compress'd and undersized,
In "pigeon English" they will talk,
Like turtle-doves Mongolianized.

Some fear John Chinaman will try
Old England next—we're not surprised,
But, Britons, let's resolve to die
Rather than be Mongolianized!

The Boy of Five.

A Prophetic Vision.

Methought a century had pass'd,
And still I found myself alive,
When suddenly my eyes I cast
Upon a boy—a Boy of Five.

Attentive to his tender years
I spoke to him in childish style,
He laugh'd and answer'd, "It appears
You take me for a juvenile!

"Why, don't you know that now-a-days
Before we reach the age of four,
We're all as versed in wordly ways
As men of fifty *were*—and more?"

"Alas!" I cried, "a world bereft
Of innocence will never thrive.
What! are there, then, no children left?"
"Not *one!*" replied the Boy of Five.

"Our age, you see, is far advanced,
And we're advanced beyond our age,"
Therewith he eloquently glanced
At Science, Art, the Law, the Stage.

All subjects came alike to him,
Not Solomon was half so wise !—
Filled up with knowledge to the brim,
And steep'd in learning to the eyes.

He spoke of nations, courts, and kings,
His views on politics he gave,
On Human Life, and all it brings
Between the cradle and the grave.

My arguments he brought to nought,
In Logic he could deeply dive,
I found myself, as quick as thought
Defeated by a Boy of Five !

"My goodness ! you astounding youth,
Wherever did you learn all this?
I cannot envy you, in truth,
If Ignorance indeed is bliss !"

"Well, well," he said—for he began
To tire, "I've startled you, I think,
Suppose we had a weed, old man,
And what's your weakness as to drink ?"

"But do your parents, child, allow "—
"Hush, hush !" he answered, "what a fuss !
We don't obey our parents *now*,
We make them pay respect to *us*.

"I say, that Scandal's pretty strong
About the Earl of Wyvern's wife !—
But I must go, old man—*so-long !*
We're up to things, you bet your life !"

"Forbear, rash youngster, I implore,
Such shocks as this I can't survive ! "
Just then—I woke, and saw no more
Of that precocious Boy of Five.

"Impromptus and Epigrams."

[Mostly from *Funny Folks*, 1875 to 1885.]

On a Miser.

He "hasn't wealth enough by half,"
  He's not contented even now,
Why, if he had the "Golden Calf"
  He'd clamour for the Golden *Cow!*

The Parassian "Mount."

Of Pegasus, the winged steed,
  Bestrode by bards in bygone days,
What was the colour? Little need,
  To ask—the poet's "mounted" *bays.*

Protest by an Undeserving Captive.

Why call it "*False* Imprisonment,"
  As if imagined or ideal?
You'd find, if *you* were thither sent,
  Imprisonment is far too *real!*

"The Sand of Life."

(An old story versified.)

Condemn'd to hang, the Jester said, "I hope
The Court will let me choose the kind of rope,"
The plea was granted, and in accents bland,
The Jester said, "I choose a rope of *sand*."

Epigram on a Pen.

(By a Pensive Penman).

Heroes of old used swords alone
To "smite the foemen hip and thigh,"
But now with pens the "smiting" 's done,
When critics stab and scarify;
And we must own, with one accord,
"The Pen is *smite*-ier than the Sword."

The Beer-Seller.

(A Convivial Catch).

Beers I have of every kind,
Cellar'd in a motley group.
"From the East to Western *Ind*,"
From the North to Southern *Coope!*

Ornithological Impromptu.

All birds are bipeds, yet I've heard
There *is* a kind of four-legg'd bird,
To wit, the "goal-bird," which, 'tis said,
Is very like a "quod"—ruped!

"Mr. O'Bull's Precaution."

Of all the woes our hearts that wring,
"Repentance come too late" 's the worst,
So, when I do a foolish thing
I'm careful to repent it *first!*

Evident "On the Face of it."

When maiden's blushes hidden flames bespeak,
Or when Munchausen brazenly could seek
To force his yarns on those whose faith is weak,
Each—with a difference—shows a *tell-tale* "cheek."

Unlimited Liar-bility.

The most mendacious man of men,
Is he who, borne on fancy's flight,
Tells "crammers" all the day and then
Retires, and *lies* in bed all night.

Wine-Not?

It is a fact not generally known—
The best of wines for "making flesh" is *Beaune.*

Reflection on a Burning Forest.

'Tis strange to think yon hungry flame
That through the forest flashes,
Makes beeches, oaks, and elms the same,
Reducing all to *ashes.*

Act and Deed.

Some titles strangely disagree with facts.
The Stage and State uphold two verbal freaks,
An "Acting-Manager"—who never acts,
A "Speaker" of the House—who never speaks.

Love in a Muddle.

(*Impromptu by an Idiot.*)

If us loved those, and him loved she,
And each of both were fond of he,
Which caused the rest to disagree,
Because she liked the other three,
And wouldn't marry they or we,
For fear of slighting him and me,
I wonder where we all should be?

Shakesperian Impromptu.

If "good digestion waits on appetite,
And health on both," it surely isn't right
That health should have the double task to do
Unhelped itself, to serve the other two!

A "Colour" able Argument.

Of students it may well be said,
A change of sex is change of hue,
A learned man is "deeply *read*,"
A learned woman's very "*blue*."

ON A STAINED GLASS WINDOW.

In honour of departed worth 'tis placed,
Yet is that worth most honour'd or disgraced
By such a window—which must surely be
A sort of *stain* upon it's memory?

ON THE MARRIAGE OF MR. DUKE TO MISS ROLF.

What's in a name?" Another proof we bring
Names are not always what they seem to mean,
A lady weds a *Duke*, or *Prince*, or *King*,
Yet is not Duchess, nor Princess, nor Queen.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF MR. STEWART TO MISS LIBERTY.

Tho' Hymen's bondage neither need disparage
One gains, one loses *Liberty* by marriage.

"ON THE MARRIAGE OF MR. STONE TO MISS HART."

The hardest case that ever yet was known,
Here is a *Hart* that's been and turn'd to *Stone*.

EPIGRAM ON A RAILWAY SLEEPER.

The waken'd sleeper little thinks
How long he's been reposin';
This passenger takes "*forty* winks"
And calls it "half-a-*dozin*'."

"Influenza Impromptu."

"Bad cold"—I've oft heroically *stood* one,
But never had to undergo a *good* one.

"An Ocean Notion."

When troops of mermaids sing beneath the waves
How musical they make their *C(h)oral* Caves?

"Sic a wife as Willie Had!"

Of Shakespeare's wife he used to say
"Anne Hathaway, she hath-a-way,
Which might imply what's surer still—
At all events she had her *Will.*

"A Transpontine Incident."

Last month our Villain, by mistake,
Cried "Soft, I must *Novemble!*"
This month no error does he make
But growls, "I must *Decemble!*"

Mr. O'Bull on the National Defences.

Invading foes may vainly scheme
The shores of Britain to environ,
While all her war-ships sail by steam
And all her "wooden walls" are iron.

On a "Devourer" of Homer.

Fastidious reader, scorning lighter lays
Than solid epics, written to endure
Beyond the flimsy lyrics of these days,
Thou art a literary *epic*-ure!

To a Composer.

Musician, ere thou canst compound
Such strains of soft and soothing sound
Some magic potion must be quaff'd,
Say, what is thy *composing* draught?

Written During a Thick Fog.

The title our Sovereign gets
  Both "Empire" and "Kingdom" comprises,
An Empire whose sun never sets,
  A Kingdom whose sun seldom *rises*!

By a Diner-out.

In evening dress, I must confess,
  A sombre ugliness prevails,
Yet, 'tis most meet that when we eat,
  We don a coat with "*swallow*-tails."

After a Matrimonial Quarrel.

"Your precious little love," I used to be,
  But *now* you've "precious little love" for *me*!

A Hastings Reflection.

How proud are those whose ancestors
With Conquering William made their entry,
And landing safe on Britain's shores
Became at once the *landed* gentry!

Equivocal.

"Father of twins?" they ask'd him if 'twas true
Whereat the Frenchman answered, "pa(s) de tou(t)."

Law-Less Epigram.

(*By a luckless litigant.*)

"A law for the rich, and a law for the poor."
If so, such injustice is hard to endure.
But cases still harder will often befall,
Where the poor are unable to get law at all.

Roy's Wife.

Rob Roy was plagued with wedded strife,
But bore it like an ancient Spartan,
He argued—"For a Scotchman's wife,
The fittest temper is a *tart'un*."

Indian Impromptu.

Once Hindoo widows did "suttee" by fire,
On their lords' funeral pyres they would ex*pire*,
This deed, tho' now our milder laws forbid it,
Showed fervent *pyre*-ty in those who did it.

On M. Zola.

A perfect Gorgon he must be,
To gloat o'er horrors such as these.
Yet his admirers all agree
This *Gorgon, Zola*, is "the cheese."

"The 'Moved' Mule."

They say the Mule's a stubborn beast,
Not sympathetic in the least,
But callous and severe;
Yet one I noticed years ago
Affected by his rider's "Woh!"
With heels on high, and head bent low,
He *dropp'd* a *mule-y-tear*!

"In Absentia."

If, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder,"
We should regard with feelings kind
Each person prone to muse and ponder,
For *he* is "absent"—in his mind.

"Self-Praise."

"Cluck! cluck!" the chorus of her "lay,"
That hen keeps up, and won't desist,
A bird that boasts in such a way
Must be a perfect *egg*-otist!

"WANTED, A RHYME TO 'ZERUBBABEL.'"

When Sam comes home at half-past four
He sets his boy Zerubbabel
To scrub the furniture and floor,
Or anything that's *scrubbable.*
Sam passes evenings at his "pub,"
(He doesn't take Zerubbabel)
They don't belong to any club,
Because they *are* not *clubbable;*
These facts have proved, beyond a doubt,
What seemed at first *improbbable,*
That there are ways, worth finding out,
Of rhyming to "Zerubbabel."

"RHYMES TO 'PUNSTER.'"

Unless a baker's call'd a *bunster,*
Unless a jester's call'd a *funster,*
Unless a rifleman's a *gunster,*
And a pedestrian a *runster,*
And one who loves bright days a *sunster,*
And one who makes big tubs a *tunster,*
Why then, the only rhyme to "punster"
Must be the Irish name of *Munster.*

"THE GREAT UNBRIBABLE."

A Square Epigram.

'Tis said policemen may be "squared,"
Or *would* take money if they dared,
Election agents are a tribe
Too often open to a bribe;

Reporters, for "consideration,"
Keep awkward facts from publication;
Critics, again—so some folks say,
For "tips" will puff your book or play;
But *one* thing bribery cannot touch,
No rich man, spend he e'er so much,
And go most artfully to work, 'll
Ever, with money, "*Square* the Circle."

"The Borneo Question."

A Political Puzzle.

If the inhabitants of Borneo
To native Chiefs a sworn allegiance owe,
If *these* to greater Chiefs in turn submit—
('Twas thus *our* Feudal System managed it)—
If greater Chiefs have Kings, and *those* pertain
To Sooloo's Sultan as *their* Suzerain,
If *he* again obeys Alphonso's might,
Who from the five Great Powers derives *his* right,
Why, then, 'twould puzzle Wisdom's self to know
Who is the actual Lord of Borneo;
'Tis clear, to *some* one—*whom*, there is no knowing—
A great deal of "allegiance" must be "owing,"
The question is—and statesmen well should weigh it,—
Which owest the most—and *who's* to make 'em pay it?

Shakespeare à la Towzer.

We append a few quotations from the Immortal William, as delivered by our venerable and respected relative, Aunt Jemima Towzer. The old lady being somewhat deaf, and apt at times to confuse sound with sense, succeeds in giving some highly original readings from the Bard of Avon, or, to use her own expression, the "Bird of Heaven."

From "MACBETH."

"I have no spear
To pick the size of my content, but only
Waltzing Ann Bishop, who o'ersleeps herself,
And falls on the heather-side."

Act 1. *sc.* 7.

"Shut his eyes, and grievous heart,
Come like shaddocks, so depart!"

Act 4. *sc.* 1

"Canst thou not minister to a man deceased,
Pluck from the memory a root of sorrel,
Raise up the writing-tables of the brain,
And with some sweet Bolivian anecdote
Cleanse the fowl's bosom of that pen'n'orth o' snuff
Which weighs upon it's heart?"

Act 5. *sc.* 3.

From "OTHELLO."

"Wherein I spake of most disastrous chancels,
Of moving accidence from flood to field,
Of hair-breadth scrapes on the eminent deadly beach,
Of being taken by the insolvent foe,
A slave 'mid antlers vast and desert idols;
Of Calibans which do each other eat,
Of Aunty Poffy Guy, and men whose heads
Do crow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desmondessa studiously decline."

Act 1. *sc.* 3.

"I'd rather be a toad and bay the moon,
Than take up arms against a sea of troubles,
And bear the palm alone!"

Act 3. *sc.* 3.

"Look, Wary comes! not puppy, nor man-dragger,
Nor all the dowdy stirrups of the world,
Can ever medicine thee like that sleek sweep
Which thou own'st yesterday!"

Act 3. *sc.* 3.

From "TWELFTH NIGHT."

"A plank, my lord—she never doled her love,
But let congealment, like a worm in a bun,
Feed on her damson cheek."

Act 2. *sc.* 4.

From "AS YOU LIKE IT."

(*The Seven Ages.*)

"At first the infant
Mewing and perking in the nurse's arms,
And then the wily schoolboy, with his sachet,
And shy and mournful face, keeping live snails
Unwillingly at school. And then the lover,

Signing to furnish with a woeful ballet
Maiden or missus's eyebrow. Then the soldier,
Full of strange odes, and bearded like the Bard,
Jealous in horror, sudden to kick and quarrel,
Seeking a double refutation,
Even from a Canon's mouth. And then the justice,
With fair brown jelly, and good bacon-rind,
With icy beer, and bird of former cut,
Full of wide swords, and model institutes.
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the mean and slippery pantaloon,
With spectacles and hose, and punch inside,
His useful nose well served—the world too wise
For his drunk pranks, and his be-mangling voice
Turning again to childish trouble, fifes
And whistles to his hound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, revengeful mystery,
Is second chilliness; while dear Olivia
Sings teeth, sings eyes, sings taste, sings everything."
Act. 2.—sc. 7.

The Erudite Stockman.

AN ANTIPODEAN INCIDENT.

Once, in a rough Australian shanty,
The furniture of which was scanty,
I saw a Stockman reading Dante;
I stood amazed, as if some Fanti
Had criticised great Raphael Santi;
As if some native of Ashanti
Had sung a song by Mercadante;
As if some Kurd had play'd "*Di Tanti*;"
As if some Carnival Bacchante
Outdid, as Port outdoes Chianti,
The multi-linguist, Mezzofanti;
As if some barb'rous Klepht from Zante
Had quoted Guido Cavalcanti,
Or Pulci's whimsical "Morgante;"
More wondrous than all these (see *ante*)
Appear'd that Stockman in his shanty,
Reading—("in choice Italian")—Dante.

The Triumph of Logic.

In logic Tom did so excel
'Twere hard to find his parallel,
His tongue in proving was too quick
For e'en his clever comrade Dick,
Who, though such talent he admired,
With jealousy was often fired,
"Plague take it!" he exclaim'd one day,
"It seems you always have your way;
In vain with all my wits I try
To beat you when you argufy;
No doubt you will be proving next
That Black is White, by line and text?"
Tom ponder'd to himself awhile,
Then answer'd with triumphant smile—
"Well, I was never beaten yet,
So these five guineas will I bet;
I'll prove, as clear as noontide sun,
That Black *is* White." Cried Richard, "Done."
Quoth Tom, "To show I do not err,
To some good lexicon refer."
The puzzled Richard went himself,
And took old Johnson from the shelf.
"Now turn," his rival said, "to 'Bleach'—
What means that word in English speech?"
"To whiten things by sun or air,"
"Ha, ha!" laugh'd Tom, "I have you there!
For whence do we that term derive?"
'*Blac, A. S.—White*'"—"As I'm alive!"
Cried Dick, as with a muffled curse,
He dropp'd the book, and sought his purse,
"I've lost again—you're always right—
For BLAC in Anglo-Saxon's WHITE!"

Ode for St. Patrick's Day.

MR. O'BULL'S VERSION.

Hoorup! Hooroo! and hullaballoo! St. Pathrick's day's come in, boys.
Aich heart goes thump, as if it 'ud jump clane out of it's blissid skin, boys!
There's niver a place loike Oireland—wheriver we may sarch, frinds,
And the firstest day of all the year's the Sivinteenth o' March, frinds;
For thin it was, or thereabouts, St. Pathrick pass'd from earth, sorrs.
So isn't it right we kape the day to cilebrate his birth, sorrs?
St. Pat was sure the best of Saints, with plinty of infairiors,
For he surpass'd, and more, bedad! he *aiquall'd* his supairiors.
Whativer was impossible, St. Pathrick could achayve it,
But if I told yiz all the truth, it's little you'd belayve it.
And, faix! it was our holy Saint that raised us as a nation
To fame and glory's highest top by whiskey-distillation,
To give a dhrop to all his frinds, St. Pathrick niver stinted,
(He kept a private keg at home before it was invinted.)
Let aich shebeen that sells potheen do a roaring trade to-day, boys,
While Phil the fiddler kapes it up, till he scrapes his strings away, boys.
Let's trid on the tails of aich other's coats, and quarrel all so gaily,
And give our frinds the swatest cracks wid the darlint oak shillaligh.

Aich broth of a boy, and dark colleen shall shake a nimble leg, sorrs,
While Darby drums the fullest sound from an empty whiskey-keg, sorrs.
And won't we sing our native songs, when liquor's made us glorious?
Bad luck to the voice of the mane spalpeen who's silent in the chorius!
Let shamrocks green be plainly seen aich hat or dress adornin',
And sorry a bit we'll end the night till it's to-morry mornin'.
Hard-drinking Mike, a-staggering home, in dusk or early dawn, sorrs,
Is sure to see some grim banshee, or an ugly leprachaun, sorrs.
And so we'll kape St. Pathrick's day, in dacent style, and let him
Be honour'd and remimber'd well, long after we forget him.
But now the cratur's all drunk out, there's not another drain, boys,
Sing "Faugh-a-ballagh," and "Erin-go-bragh," and fill the bottle again, boys!

Funny Folks, *March 17th*, 1878.

To Clarissa.

A Love Ditty of the Last Century.

(As read by a young lady unaccustomed to the antique form of the letter S.)

O, facred Mufe, infpire the ftring,
Whilft of Clariffa's charms I fing,
Let Love's foft fyllables perfuade
That fweeteft, moft feraphic maid.
Clariffa, fovereign of my foul!
Whofe pow'r this bofom doth control.
Bright fylph, fair fyren, goddefs, deign
To lift awhile thy conftant fwain;
Long have I fought thee, faint divine,
Have ferved and worfhipp'd at thy fhrine,
Tho' thro' thy coldnefs unconfefs'd
The fecret has my breaft poffefs'd.
Oft, feated on fome funny bank,
I fay, "Life's cheerlefs, dull, and blank,
Can fhe have feen my fallow face,
Nor fympathize my forry cafe?"
Oft do I feek fome filent wood,
To figh and fob in folitude;
Or whifper to the folemn tombs
The paffion that my foul confumes.
I feel fo fad, fo fick at heart,
I almoft wifh from life to part;
Till phantafy's ecftatic flight
Makes *thee* arife and blefs my fight.
In vifions thou doft come to me,
And in my fleep thy form I fee.
Oh, what a paradife of blifs
Thy foft and filky cheek to kifs!
Or fmoothe each fleek, ambrofial trefs,
Or clafp thy waift in fond carefs.

Dear miftrefs, fuffer me to hope,
Elfe ftill in madnefs muft I mope,
Till 'twill be faid, "By fuicide,
For falfe Clariffa's fake he died,
With burfting heart, becaufe of her,
He flumbers in the fepulchre."
Oh, fave me loveliest goddefs, fave,
And do not ftay thy faithful flave
Compofe my woe, my gloom difpel,
Confent with me as fpoufe to dwell.
Then faft in Hymen's rofy chain,
No pow'r can fever us again;
And boundlefs happinefs at laft
Will foothe our fouls for forrows paft!

The Dream of the Pudding.

(A Byronic Fragment for Christmas Recitation.)

"I had a dream, which was not all a dream,"
The raisins were dissected, and the stones
Did moulder darkling in the rubbish-heap,
Fruitless and lifeless; and the candied peel
Lay sliced and slithering in the spacious dish;
Sugar was added, and these elements
Mingled with eggs; but they were not alone,
"And something *stirr'd* within their silent depths"—
For flour was there, and bread, and lemon-rind,
And cinnamon, and suet finely chopp'd,
And almonds in their pounded bitterness.

* * * * *

"A change came o'er the *spirit* of my dream,"
No more 'twas brandy only, but infused
It's fiery soul throughout the seething mass,
Soon bound and plunged within the steaming pot.

* * * * *

Hours came and went, and still the pudding boil'd,
Until——but words are breath, I can no more;
"My dream is past, it had no other change,"
I woke, and found it DONE.

The Chain of Love.

(By Valentine Philander, Esq.)

I love Miss Miles. *She* gives her heart
To rich Sir Thomas Bloggins, Bart.;
He loves, not her, but Mrs. Vere,
To whom, not *he*, but G. is dear;
G., in his turn, is sweet upon
Jane Jones; *she* loves his brother John,
Who, almost holding Jane in hate,
Is spoons upon her cousin Kate,
Kate, the ecstatic, the romantic,
For Count de Voy with love is frantic;
Alas! the Count would give his hand
To one within his native land,
A dame enamour'd of a poet,
A bard who doesn't even know it:
But hopeless wooes, with plaintive song,
An "Eenglish Meess," named Rhoda Long,
She ne'er in aught his bliss promotes,
But on a British artist dotes,
Who bendeth adoration's knee
To one who is in love with ME!
Though (as I mentioned) *my* affection
Has for Miss Miles a *miss*-direction.
Thus may we see Loves subtle chain
Wound round us till it meets again;
To each and all it's fetters cling,
But how adjust it? that's the thing;
How so dispose each he and she
That all alike may happy be?
How shift each preference in turn
Till flame to flame *responsive* burn;
That is the puzzle: reader, can
You solve?—"or any other man?"

To the Sea-Serpent.

(On his Annual Re-appearance.)

Once again, still again, singular creature,
Hast thou emerged from the depths of the deep;
Ever thou changest in aspect and feature,
When at mere mortals thou deignest to peep.

Some have beheld thee in violent motion,
Maned like a horse, but with glittering scales,
Rearing aloft to examine the ocean,
Or play pitch-and-toss with the biggest of whales.

Last thou wert seen in the Mediterranean,
Having no scales, but the sleekest of skins,
Bullet-shaped head (*not* a horsey and *maney*'un)
Crocodile's face, and "six ridges of fins."

What art thou, monster—a fact or delusion?
Creature of flesh, or creation of air?
Hoax or invention?—Amidst the confusion
Where *lies* the truth? Oh, enlighten us—where?

Till we can see thee more closely and clearly
E'en thy existence 'twere vain to discuss;
Meanwhile in absence we love thee so dearly,
Sea-serpent *cease*, Serpent, haunting us thus!

Nottingham Gaol.

A Felonious Ballad of the Slums.

Air—"*Botany Bay.*"

Oh, I'm an unfortunate prisoner,
Lamenting my terrible fate,
I want a compassionate listener,
While I my sad story relate;
I'm a robber, a brute, and a murderer
(At least, sich is laid to my charge),
The law says I shan't go no furderer,
And so I'm no longer at large.

(Refrain)
Singing, "Tooral-i-tooral-i-tiddity,
Oh! hear a poor prisoner's tale,
Beware of dishonest cupidity,
It'll land you in Nottingham Gaol.

I'm the pore orphan son of a widdy, sir,
My father, he took the "long drop,"
I started in life when a kiddy, sir,
By looting a greengrocer's shop;
Then I emptied the till of a baker, sir
(Five quid—all in browns—it's a fact!)
I grew up a clever cly-faker, sir,
And many's the crib as I've cracked.
Singing, "Tooral," &c.

Our dodges was many and various,
We always got loafing around,
At times we would sneak down the areas,
In twilight so still and profound;
Then we've collared the spoons and *et ceteras*,
Whatever was lying about,
And afore the smart bobbies could fetter us,
Them goods we'd consigned to the spout.
Singing "Tooral," &c.

There was me and my pals, the two Mugginses,
At midnight kept watch on the heath,
We all look'd sich innocent Jugginses,
But lor!—we was arm'd to the teeth.
When a covey come by, why, we spotted him,
And made him fork over his dibs;
For if he refused, we garotted him,
Or stove in a few of his ribs.
Singing 'Tooral," &c.

As chief of a gang, I'd my follering,
(They're most of 'em doing their time)
For years we continued a.wollering
In every description of crime.
We liked it, and felt we were made for it,
And why shouldn't youth have its fling?
Tho' some of us heavily paid for it.
Got copp'd, and were sentenced to swing.
Singing "Tooral," &c.

I feel I'm deserving your censures, sir,
But if an excuse I would seek,
'Twas reading Dick Turpin's adventures, sir,
In numbers—one penny per week;

Thinks I, "Sich a life would be glorious,
A dashing highwayman I'll be!"
But now the police are victorious,
They've put a full stop upon me.
Singing "Tooral," &c.

The game is played out and exploded, sir,
To freedom a long, long farewell,
For now with wrought iron I'm loaded, sir,
In prison—a regular cell:
My hopes they are blighted and shatter'd, sir,
Of comfort and coin I'm bereft,
My cronies and pals are all scatter'd, sir,
Like a "Last Rose of Summer" I'm left!
Singing "Tooral," &c.

Jack Long took her Majesty's shilling, sir,
And died like a soldier so bold,
Black Bob got the gallows for killing, sir,
His neighbour—nigh eighty year old,
Tom Nibs got a lifer for forgery,
Joe Slogget was killed in a row,
Dick Flam was indicted for perjury,
He's living at Holloway now!
Singing "Tooral," &c.

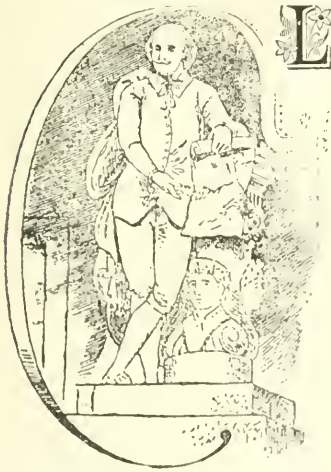
Bill Boker's in trouble most serious,
A bobby he *happen'd* to shoot,
Nick Slum disappeared quite mysterious
All through a domestic dispute;
One night, in a state of sobriety,
He gouged out the missus's eye,
Then bolted, and said, with true piety,
"We shall meet in the sweet bye and-bye."
Sing "Tooral," &c.

Kind sir, when I'm gone, don't be hard on me,
  But think of my failings no more,
Tho' cold-hearted Justice won't pardon me,
  I ain't a bad sort at the core ;
The follies and crimes I've committed, sir,
  They fills me with 'orror and pain,
And yet, if so be I'm acquitted, sir,
  Ten to one I shall do 'em again !
Singing "Tooral-i-tooral-i-tiddity,
You've heard the poor prisoner's tale,
So, wrong 'uns, repent with rapidity,
And keep out of Nottingham Goal !

"Graver Moments."

"Shakespeare Undethroned."

(Addressed to all believers in the "Baconian Theory.")



LEAVE us our Shakespeare; let the lofty heights
Of Poesie to him and his belong,
Seek not to quench the brightest star that lights
The firmament of fancy and of song;
Kill not the Fairy King, whose magic wand
Can conjure up such wonders to our view,
Hush not the bird whose "wood-notes wild" respond
To Nature's voice, so sweet, and rich and true.

The children of his genius are our friends,
Their words familiar to us as our own,
Must we then say—"Thy reign for ever ends,
Down, down, usurper; from thy wrongful throne.

Pluck out the brilliant borrow'd plumes which thou
So long and undeservedly hast worn,
Take off the mocking bays that deck thy brow,
Lay down the lyre; be silent, crush'd, forlorn!"

A charm is thus destroy'd;—an honour'd name
Is blotted out—a beacon-fire extinct,
A niche is empty in the halls of Fame,
A chain of loved traditions comes unlink'd,
And falls in fragments;—if it must be so
Henceforth no bard or hero will we trust,
Now that our dearest idol lieth low,
Consigned to mute oblivion in the dust.

And thou, Philosopher, and Man of State,
Among the wise ones of the earth revered,
Thy glory is thine own, and truly great,
Despite the speck that on its disc appear'd;
Had'st thou not fame enough, alive and dead?
What did'st thou lack of pow'r or high renown,
To make thee snatch from such a poet's head
His radiant wreath, to add it to thy crown?

But no!—it shall not be!—he stands enshrined,
Enwoven with the fabric of our lives,
"Not for an age" were works like *his* designed,
But while our nation or its tongue survives
Our Shakespeare, undethroned, shall live and reign
Tho' meddling sages from the sapient West
With wild enigmas pose the public brain,
To prove him false; we care not; let him rest!

Childe Harold's Centenary.

(January 22nd, 1888).

What! not a word? No note of joy and pride
To hail the natal day of one so great?
Has all the splendour of his glory died?
His planet fallen from its high estate?
Can immortality grow out of date?
Shall foreign votaries join, with high acclaim,
The poet's hundredth year to celebrate,
While we, the rightful champions of his fame,
Look coldly on, and do no honour to his name?

Byron! in early youth thy magic spell
Subdued and held me in delicious thrall,
Show'd me enchanted regions where to dwell
'Twas rapture then—still blissful to recall;
Loved monarch, wherefore should thy sceptre fall?
Great wizard! who but thee can wield thy wand?
Thy fame shall be unfading, spite of all,
Poet of shadow'd joy and sweet despond!—
A lonely paradise whereof thou wert so fond.

A wondrous fate was thine; in youth's first flush,
When others but begin their toilsome climb,
Thy spirit rose, with one impetuous rush,
Conquering the world, which hail'd thee ere thy prime
"The grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme,"
Hung on thy words, devour'd each glowing page,
Soft, tender, gay, sardonic, or sublime,
Then spurn'd their idol, and in petty rage
Send forth "self-exiled Harold" on his Pilgrimage.

Then did fair Italy thy muse inspire,
  Then snow-capt Switzerland, and castled Rhine,
And classic Hellas tuned thy changeful lyre
  To careless canzonet or lofty line,
Now far too human, now so near divine ;
  Until the noble remnant of thy days
Was offer'd up at Freedom's fiery shrine,
  Thou, dying, left mankind to mourn and praise,
And weave the hero's laurels with the poet's lays.

And yet the birthplace of the Childe of song,
  Where genius glimmered into life and light,
A sacred spot, which should have stood as long
  As care could baffle Time's destructive might,
Unmark'd is now laid low and swept from sight.*
  Good fairies gave that infant for his dower
Wealth, beauty, rank, a mind of godlike flight,
  A soul to dare, a rare magnetic power,
Amidst a glorious throng he rose, the pride, the flower.

It seem'd as if some evil spirit marr'd
  The gifts of nature ; for his life was sad,
Strange clouds obscured the glory of the bard
  Turning the light to gloom, the good to bad ;
False joys, but no true happiness he had,
  The world against him, ever prone to mark
His faults, and deeper fancied crime to add ;
  While he perversely fann'd the lurid spark,
Painting himself in hues discordant, harsh, and dark.

---

* The house where Lord Byron was born, in Holles Street, Oxford Street, London, was demolished with the adjoining buildings in the year 1889.

Blame him no more! his failings were of earth,
And to that earth returning with his clay
Should leave his spirit, like a gem of worth,
Brighter for all the dross thus purged away;
So be his date a golden-letter day,
His fame exalted, beaming from the sky
Not with a fitful meteor's passing ray,
But throned amid the deathless stars on high,
That still shine on, whate'er of earth may live or die!

Eliza Cook.

Died September 23, 1889.

An Acrostic Eulogy.

Enchanting are her sweet and simple songs,
Loving and true, and full of heart and worth,
Inspired by home—to which her muse belongs.
Zealous for freedom, hating ills and wrongs,
And fresh as flowers that spring from British earth

Come back! my childhood's days, and let the air
Of "I'm Afloat" awake its stirring strain;
Or let me linger by the "Old Arm Chair,"
Kind memory, touch those gentle chords again!

Tho' bards of later date and loftier aim
Her artless lays may scorn, deny her claim,
England awards her rightful meed of fame.

Echoes of bygone years around me ring,
"Norah MacShane," the "Hay makers'" blythe song,
Gallant "Sir Harold," and the "Smuggler King,"
Like "Dead Leaves" they have been neglected long.
I hail "Your Boy in Blue" with welcoming.
"Star of Glengarry" shed your softest beams,
How sweet to greet those old familiar themes!

Poetic fire in proud "Melaia" glows,
"Old Dobbin," "Sweet Green Leaves, "The Old Farm Gate,"
Each one a love of Home and Nature shows,
"The Englishman," with patriot pride elate,
Exalts the nation he has made so great.
Such sterling ditties, to our memories dear,
Should last while heart can feel and ears can hear.

Clotilda.

A Love-Story of Long Ago.

The Baron of a castle on the Danube's wooded bank
Had entertain'd, one summer-tide, a guest of lofty rank,
A noble knight from Italy, of Parma's princely race,
The Count Lorenzo he was call'd, a youth of worth and grace,
But little could he boast as yet of fortune or renown,
Nor hope—(for many stood between)--to wear the Ducal crown.

The Baron was an aged man, a soldier true and tried,
His faithful service to the state had never been denied,
But kings and men are oft unjust. and small was his reward,
And thinly grew the laurel leaves that wreathed around his sword.
His son and heir had fallen in fight—a bright career, tho' brief,
He died for glory—(empty sound, to soothe a father's grief !)
One daughter now alone remain'd, the Baron's lot to share,
As good as she was beautiful, as wise as she was fair.
The solace of his waning years, the sunshine of his home,
The image of the wife who slept now beneath the Minster's dome.
Clotilda—sweet Clotilda ! there was magic in her smile,
A witchcraft in those speaking eyes, which knew no tinge of guile,
Her gentle presence charm'd away the clouds of care and woe,
The Baron's daughter was beloved alike by high and low.

Lorenzo, long a wanderer, o'er many distant lands,
Found fever-stricken, far from home, and nursed by alien hands,
Had by the Baron's orders to the Castle been removed,
A good Samaritan indeed the aged warrior proved ;
Clotilda to the stranger-knight was more than merely friend,
An angel sent on earth the sick and suffering to tend,
'Twas she whose hand could cool the brow that burned with fever's heat
'Twas she whose voice to sleepless ears came ever low and sweet,
'Twas she who fought the tyrant Death, in long unequal strife,
Rescued his victim from his grasp, and won him back to life !

For many a weary day he lay in weakness and in pain,
Few hoped that he would ever see his native land again,
And when the worst was over, and the malady subdued,
O'erflowing was Lorenzo's heart with love and gratitude.
'Twas love returned devotedly—a flow'r of rapid growth,
Which, almost ere they knew it, wound its tendrils round them both,
With health restored, he linger'd still, so loth to break the spell,
Then came at last the day, the hour, the moment of farewell,
'Twas not with tears, impassion'd words, or accents of distress,
But eyes to eyes may utter more than language can express ;
"Remember," said the Baron, as they reach'd the castle gate,
"To send the frequent tidings we shall anxiously await,
God speed thee ! deeply we deplore our intercourse must end,
Yet scarce regret thy illness, since it brought us such a friend !"

The time went by, no tidings came of how Lorenzo sped,
Clotilda could not deem him false, nor dare believe him dead.
She hoped—despair'd—then hoped again. At length the news was brought,
Whose strange reality surpass'd her wildest flights of thought ;
The shafts of death had fallen fast on Parma's princely race,
The lives that lay between had lapsed, Lorenzo fill'd their place ;

Their sovereign sway and wealth were his, but not for him alone,
Clotilde—the good, the fair Clotilde, he ask'd to share his throne.
Could he ungratefully forget, in newborn pride and pow'r,
That she had been his best of friends in danger's darkest hour?
Then judge his anguish and surprise, behold him deeply grieved,
When from the maiden of his choice, this answer he received:—

"Oh! ask me not to share thy throne, for that can never be,
Tho' whether prince or peasant, thou art still as dear to me;
My heart remains unalter'd, since to thee 'twas freely given,
But we must both submit and bow before the will of Heav'n;
My cherish'd hopes of life-long bliss are scatter'd at a blow,
A cruel malady was mine, and long has laid me low,
Like thee I struggled hard with death, and conquer'd in the strife,
But tho' I live, my former self can ne'er return to life,
For I am, oh, so sadly changed!—you would not know me now,
The hand of suffering hath press'd so harshly on my brow,
The beauty that you used to praise—'twas prized but for your sake,
Such as it was, it is no more; but tho' my heart may break,
Grieve not for me—no cloud should shade thine hour of joy and pride,
A prince has never far to seek to find a fitting bride;
Amidst Italia's high-born dames choose one to be thy queen,
Better, I hope, and fairer far than I have ever been;
Nor can I leave my father in his fast-declining days,
My loving care is due to him while on the earth he stays.
And when he dies, and strangers come to rule our ancient halls,
I too will quit the world, and seek the convent's gloomy walls.
Farewell! may every blessing rest alike on thee and thine,
And bring to thee that happiness which cannot now be mine.
And let the love we once confess'd, the hopes too bright to last,
Be but a tender memory to bind us to the past!"

Sad was Lorenzo's soul, the tear of pity dimm'd his eye,
But duty, love and gratitude dictated his reply;
"The word I gave in brighter days I cannot now recall,
I will not break my faith with thee, whatever may befall;
Then come to me, my promised bride, none other will I woo,
And let my friend thy father come, and be my father too;
What though thine outward charm and grace no longer may remain?
These gifts are not the only links in love's eternal chain;
For beauty's but a summer flow'r, that fades in winter's breath,
But worth and goodness such as thine will last thro' life and death!"

Within his marble palace, in its regal splendour deck'd,
With mingled feelings did the Prince await his bride elect,
He hoped—he fear'd—he doubted—then his doubts and fears repress'd,
And told himself that, come what would, his heart could bear the test,
The Baron and his daughter, long expected, came at last,
As they approach'd his chair of state, Lorenzo's heart beat fast,
The thickest veil of deepest black conceal'd her face and form,
Lorenzo rose with princely grace, and gave them welcome warm:
"Come, cast aside thy sombre veil, like clouds on stormy night.
This is no day for funeral black, but joyous bridal white!"
In faltering tones Clotilda said, "I pray one moment wait,
Bethink thee, Prince of Parma, pause before it is too late;
If thou can'st bear me as I am—so stricken and so changed,
Then I am thine—if not, we part, for evermore estranged,
I, without murmur or reproof, absolve thee from thy vow.
But speak before I raise my veil, pronounce thy judgment *now!*"
"My promise has been given," said the Prince, in firmest tone,
"In weal or woe, in honour bound, I take thee for my own!"
The sable veil was cast aside; he started in surprise,
It *was* not at the dreadful change presented to his eyes,
It *was* to see no change at all!—for there Clotilda stood

In all the radiant loveliness of youthful maidenhood,
No fairer vision ever blest a longing lover's sight,
Never before had she appear'd so beautiful and bright.
"Forgive me!"—smiling as she spoke, a smile divinely sweet,
"'Twas but to test thy love and truth I practised this deceit;
No malady has stricken me, and changed me to the view,
And oh! with what delight I find thy heart so staunch and true!'

With splendour and rejoicing were the faithful pair made one,
Long lived and reign'd they happily; and when their day was done,
Bequeathed to their descendants, what is more than wealth or fame,
And richer than a kingly crown—a good and spotless name.

N.B.—This poem, and the one following, were specially written for Miss Edith Hawthorne Vyse. For permission to recite them in public, apply to the Author.

Calin Macdonald.

A True Tale of the Ocean.

Calin Macdonald was born on the sea,
A child of the wide-rolling ocean was she,
In infancy reared on its bosom of foam,
The deck was her playground, the cabin her home;
The waves rocked her cradle—her lullaby song
The soft Western wind as it murmur'd along.
Young Calin was ever the pet of the crew,
The sea was her world, for none other she knew.
The joys and the sorrows of life upon shore
To her were but visions, mere glimpses, no more,
For seldom indeed 'twas her fortune to stand
Amid the strange sights of the dry, solid land;
Her wild gipsy spirit could ne'er be chain'd down
To dull rural village, or tame rigid town;
Her soul in such bondage would sorrow and rage,
And droop like a sea-bird confined in a cage,
Which pines among splendours, and longs to be free,
To breathe the pure air of the life-giving sea.

Calin Macdonald was joyous and bright
As ocean when smiling in morn's golden light,
Her eyes were as blue as the calm summer deep,
Tho' in their dark depths did the lightnings sleep,
Her hair like the sunshine that gleams on its waves,
Her lips like the coral that grows in its caves.
Her face was as fair as a painter could seek,
The rich bloom of healthfulness glow'd in her cheek,
Her form was as lithe as a sea-nymph's of old,
Her soul was a sailor's, undaunted and bold.

Her father, the captain, in joy and in pride,
Would gaze on his child, as she sat by his side.
None other he had—she was tenderly dear,
And shared in his wanderings year after year.
Her mother, alas ! that the words should be said—
From husband, from home, and from duty had fled;
To Calin's young lips was forbidden that name
Whose record was lost in oblivion and shame.
The tears that, unnoted, oft sprang to her eye
The salt breath of ocean would rapidly dry.

Thus grew up the maiden in many a clime,
'Mid scenes ever changing, remote and sublime,
Their staunch little schooner would traverse the main
Wherever was promise of pleasure or gain,
Where Nature in joy and luxuriance smiles
On throng'd busy seaports or lone tropic isles,
Or ruins of empires, once mighty and proud,
Or mountains whose summits are curtain'd in cloud ;
Their ship was a rover—alike at her ease
Where spice-laden groves give perfume to the breeze,
Or far to the north, where she plough'd with her keel
The bleak dreary waste, in pursuit of the seal.

The years in such roving will pleasantly glide,
Then came a great sorrow, the brave Captain died,
He died as he'd lived, in his home on the deep,
Beneath its dark waters they laid him to sleep ;
They mourned him as master, as comrade and friend,
One honour'd, obey'd, and beloved to the end ;
And she, the lone orphan, in maidenhood's bloom,
How sadly her brightness was clouded in gloom !
But duty sustain'd her, the all-honour'd dead
Had left her as Captain to reign in his stead,
Henceforth she devoted the strength of her will
His wishes, as sacred as law, to fulfil.

Calin Macdonald was form'd for command,
She ruled o'er her crew with a resolute hand,
Expert in all seamanship, free from all fear,
She strictly would watch, and she deftly could steer,
So daring her spirit, so full of resource,
That peril and hardship but heighten'd its force,
Severe when at need, she was never unkind,
But firmness and gentleness wisely combined.
The roughest of sailors, rebellious and rude,
Beneath her reproaches were shamed and subdued,
A Queen of the Ocean, the sceptre she sway'd
By brave and true subjects was loyally obey'd.

Calin Macdonald, pursuing with zeal
In wild northern regions, the chase of the seal,
Her vessel was caught in a violent squall,
The sea swell'd to mountains, the sky, like a pall,
Frown'd down on the ship with a menace of doom,
And merged with the seas in a chaos of gloom,
One sailor was lost in the dead of the night,
A wave in an instant had swept him from sight.
At midnight the vessel lay wedged on the strand,
The plaything alike of the sea and the land,
So helpless ! and round her the fierce billows surged,
The mariners struggling, were caught and submerged,
The foul tempest-fiends seem to shriek o'er their heads,
The sails were in tatters ; the rigging in shreds,
The ponderous timbers were pounded and gash'd,
Down fell the huge mast,—like the thunder it crash'd,
While Calin, whose courage but death could o'erwhelm,
In wild desperation still clung to the helm,
And fought for her ship thro' an agonised hour,
Alone with the storm in its pitiless pow'r.

Day murkily dawn'd ; but the tempest was o'er,
A boat for the rescue put out from the shore.
Too late !—of the good, and the strong, and the brave,

None living remained, on the rock or the wave.
There lay, a sheer hulk, the unfortunate craft,
Her mainmast had fallen, and spread fore and aft.
And under that mast the Commander was found,
With wreckage, and rigging, and spars scattered round,
Her cold lifeless hand with a grasp as of steel,
Still held in its clutches a spoke of the wheel.
'Twas thus, in the storm on that wild Northern coast,
Brave Calin Macdonald had died at her post.

Oh! strange, wayward life, and, oh, free dauntless heart!
And may not her story some lesson impart?
If homage and thought to true merit we give,
'Tis those who have died who can teach us to live.
If Calin no place among heroes can claim;
Tho' smaller her deeds, yet her soul was the same,
If they, by achievement, have soar'd to renown—
Led armies to conquest—struck tyranny down,
That child of the ocean, who sleeps on its shore
Had play'd well her part, and can heroes do more?
The brave are the brave, whatsoever they be,
And duty is duty, on land or on sea.

The Bird and the Lovers.

AN IDYLL.

A bird was singing on a spray,
One summer's day,
He sang because his heart was light
The world was bright
And gay.

A maiden wander'd thro' the wood,
So fair and good,
And underneath that spreading tree
In reverie
She stood.

A youth of frank and gallant mien
As ere was seen,
Sat 'neath the tree the other side,
The space was wide
Between.

It was a tree of goodly girth,
And ancient birth,
For lovers' tryst, or song-bird's nest
The very best
On earth.

This youth and maid had never met
We may regret
That such a fair well-suited pair
Mere strangers were,
As yet.

Now loud as lark that soars above,
Now soft as dove,
The bird sang on, O, rare ! O, fine !
A song divine
Of love.

They listen'd : and enraptur'd heard
That gentle bird,
For both his carol so approved
That neither moved
Nor stirr'd.

But when it ceased, with deep regret
But hoping yet
The bird was there, each went to look,
One path they took ;
They met.

Both pardon begg'd with courtly grace,
The youth gave place,
But Love found time to wing his dart,
To warm each heart
And face.

They linger'd there, they knew not why.
The time flew by,
Was it the magic of the scene,
The woodlands green,
Blue sky ?

What life and beauty everywhere !
And soft the air !
The flowers were in their wealth of bloom,
And their perfume,
O, rare !

The bird began another song,
So sweet and strong,
Unheeding now, they stood and talked,
Or slowly walked
Along.

They parted, but their hearts had flown,
No more their own,
The sad bird sang as one bereft,
For he was left
Alone.

They met a second time—a third,
(It so occurred)
The only witness of their love,
Their friend above,
The bird.

Those two are now a wedded pair,
Their home is there,
And near it, where the ivy clings,
That birds still sings,
O, rare!

The Warrior to His Lady Love.

Place it on record that I love thee well,
Let it be written in the Book of Fate,
In letters gold-emblazoned: let them tell
How first we met, and mark the happy date:
Let all the world attest my solemn vow,
Whatever witnesses around us throng
The simple words I whisper'd thee but now
Have said as much in affirmation strong
That I to thee, and thee alone, belong.

But if I cease to love thee, or incline
To doubt thou art the fairest and the best
Of earth's humanity—or half divine—
If faith should waver 'neath the sternest test,
Blot out my name, and every perjured word,
Leaving a brand of blackness in their place,
Let all my prayers for mercy pass unheard,
And thrust me forth, in ruin and disgrace,
An outcast, ne'er to find a resting-place.

Yes, it is *thus* I love, and therefore just
I claim a like devotion in return,
Shouldst thou withhold it, or betray thy trust,
My darker nature thou hast yet to learn;
Our compact's binding as the deadly bond
Of fiends with men who barter souls for power,
And so beware!—Though I can be as fond
And mild as stripling page in lady's bower,
The hand that grasps a sword can crush a flower.

Dame and Courtier.

DAME.

There's little trusting what a suitor says,
Love's language is so full of metaphor,
Of courtly compliment and studied phrase,
Scarce half-believed, yet welcomed all the more;
Pleasant deceptions are our foolish choice,
Candied conceits and pretty parallels,
For Truth too oft is harsh, while Falsehood's voice
Falls on the ear, and in the fancy dwells,
Like fairy music play'd on silver bells.

COURTIER.

If that be so, fair lady, I am mute,
Truth is too precious to be used in waste;
Yet is mere compliment but Dead Sea fruit,
Sweet to the eye, then ashes to the taste.
Oh, credit me, I speak but what I mean,
Not, like a traitor, words of false intent,
But as a subject true to thee, my Queen,
To whom such praise were idle and mis-spent,
Since thine own worth makes Truth a compliment.

The Deserted Princess.

O, perjured Prince,
Where are the honey'd words thy lips could speak?
Mine ear to charm, my reason to convince
A brief while since?
Where are the smiles I still with longing seek
(Alas! that I should be so fond and weak!)
Perfidious prince?

I did not deem
It possible; no spot or shade of doubt
Dimm'd the delusive brightness of my dream.
In faith extreme
The realms of glamour compass'd me about,
But now their gates have closed, and shut me out
From bliss supreme.

T'was not thy power,
Thy wealth, domains, or regal pomp and state;
I was not dazzled by that golden shower
One single hour;
Thy love was all I needed to be great,
Make me but rich in that, and sink the weight
Of princely dower.

Can'st thou recall
Thy frequent vows to reign with me alone?
Or else for thee "the sweets of pow'r would pall
And turn to gall!"
And now another shares thy heart and throne,
Usurps the hopes, the joys that I have known,
While I lose all!

I can but die;
Life is not life when heart and hope are dead,
What are the joyous earth, the sunny sky
To such as I?
The world's a grave, so give me one instead
Where peace is found, and tears are never shed;
Yes, let me die!

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By WALTER PARKE and HARRY PAULTON.

Music by P. BUCALOSSI.

First produced in London, June, 1882.

"'Manteaux Noirs,' a comic opera by Messrs. W. Parke and H. Paulton, was produced on Saturday night at the Avenue Theatre with unqualified success. The music, by M. Bucalossi, is light and pleasing, appropriate to the story it illustrates. The feature of this production is 'the book,' which is unusually good."—*Morning Advertiser.* "Fluent and popular throughout, the music displays at times genuine dramatic quality."—*The People.* "The grace, animation, and gaiety of the themes cannot fail to be appreciated . . . Messrs. Parke and Paulton have concocted a capital libretto."—*Era.* "The librettists must be complimented upon their dialogue."—*Referee.* No such ingenious and quick-moving plot has been employed for some time in comic opera."—*Daily Chronicle.* "The intrigue, which is carried out with much ingenuity, is full of interest and humour."—*Times.* "The fun never flags, and yet is never devoid of dramatic motive."—*Observer.* "The music is tuneful and effective, and to the Parke-Paulton combination high praise is due for a book of words full of dry humour and merry conceit."—*Judy.* "'Manteaux Noirs' the new comic opera, written by Messrs. Parke and Paulton, and composed by M. Bucalossi, attracts crowded audiences every night, and seems likely to enjoy a long career of prosperity."—*Globe.*

N.B.—This Opera ran for seven months in London, and seven years in the provinces and the colonies.

ESTRELLA.

Comic Opera in Three Acts.

By WALTER PARKE. Music by LUSCOMBE SEARELLE.

First produced in London, May, 1883.

"Bright and entertaining, both as to its story and its music."—*Times.* "A lively libretto, and music which falls agreeably on the ear."—*Daily Telegraph.* "Amusing, and the interest well sustained throughout."—*Morning Advertiser.* "Received with hearty and unanimous applause."—*Globe.* "In every way a very worthy work."—*Whitehall Review.* "The author and composer may be congratulated upon its very favourable reception."—*City Press.* "The music is pleasing, and the story and dialogue are genuinely comic."—*Lloyd's.* "Much brisk fun and sparkling wit."—*Sunday Times.* "Mr. Parke's libretto is of a very much higher order than is usually found in comic opera."—*Stage.* "'Estrella' is a success in every way."—*Life.* "The dialogue bristles with quaint sayings."—*Bird o' Freedom.* "The comic element is fresh, and there is a genuine dash of wit and humour throughout."—*Modern Society.* "Mr. W. Parke's lyrics are written with neatness, finish, and many touches of originality."—*Fun.* "The management of the Princess's Theatre have scored a success in the production of '*Estrella*,' a comic opera by Walter Parke and Luscombe Searelle."—*Melbourne Leader.* "The opera received a decided and deserved success."—*Sydney Town and Country Journal.*

BOBADIL.

Oriental Spectacular Comic Opera in Three Acts.

BY WALTER PARKE. MUSIC BY LUSCOMBE SEARELLE.

First produced in Sydney, N.S.W., Nov. 1884.

"The interest taken in Messrs. Parke and Searelle's new opera on Saturday night was shown by a crowd at the Opera House, which the building could hardly contain, and the admirers of opera bouffe found plenty to justify their curiosity and gratify their taste."—*Sydney Herald.* "The new season of comic opera was brilliantly inaugurated by the production of 'Bobadil,' which has every chance of achieving success."—*Sydney Town and Country Journal.* "It is in plot and execution entirely unlike 'Estrella,' and musically lighter, but though different, quite as attractive . . . 'Bobadil' is apparently destined to long life, the theatre was crammed in every part; the reception of the piece was hearty and the applause frequent."—*Sydney Mail.* "The entertainment afforded a good deal of amusement to those present, who were not unstinting in their tokens of approval . . . 'Bobadil' must be pronounced an attractive opera bouffe, and should maintain here the popularity which it gained in Sydney, and furnish amusement to theatre-goers for some time to come."—*Adelaide Express.* "Certainly a 'success of enthusiasm.'"—*Melbourne Argus.*

RHODA.

Opera Bouffe, in Three Acts.

BY WALTER PARKE. MUSIC BY ANTONIO MORA.

First produced in London, 1886.

"A charmingly pretty comic opera. . . The story is an amusing one." — *Pictorial World.* "A really capital piece."—*Whitehall Review.* "The libretto is good and quite successful, and the music is bright and tuneful."—*Stage.* "The second act is the most uproariously funny ever seen in comic opera."—*Daily Chronicle.* "Mr. W. Parke's dialogue is smart and effective, and his lyrics are extremely neat . . . The work was very well received."—*Era.* "*Rhoda* will find ample favour among the admirers of comic opera."—*Morning Post.* "Distinctly above the average of its class in genuine fun." *Weekly Despatch.* Messrs. Parke and Mora have concocted something worth seeing and hearing."—*Ladies' Pictorial.* "The libretto tells an amusing story in a bright and lively manner, and the music is tuneful and taking."—*Sunday Times.* "The plot is whimsical and clear, and the lyrics are graceful and poetical."—*Nottingham Daily Express.* "Shows a dexterous and happy literary touch."—*Leicester Daily Post.* "Immense audiences have been attracted by this charming opera."—*Northampton Chronicle.*

GIPSY GABRIEL.

Romantic Comic Opera, in Three Acts.

By Walter Parke & William Hogarth.

Music by Florian Pascal. *Manchester*, 1887.

"The catching and comical points of the dialogue are many, and the action is brisk."—*Era.* "The story is well told in forcible and pungent dialogue."—*Stage.* "Cleverly funny, and the music charming."—*Bradford Observer.* "Some of the lyrics are especially graceful."—*London Figaro.* "Capital situations; smart dialogue."—*Halifax Courier.* "A light and pretty opera."—*Cork Examiner.* "The clever lyrics of Mr. Walter Parke have a literary finish quite unmarked in most comic operas."—*Manchester Examiner.* "Received with every mark of approval . . . Wit and humour runs sparkling through the whole work."—*Cork Daily Herald.* "The book is good, and the music is always graceful and melodious."—"Will be a highly graceful addition to the company's *repertoire*."—*Topical Times.*

A SHOWER OF BLACKS.

Comic Operetta in One Act.

By A. SHIRLEY and W. PARKE.

Music by E. Bucalossi. *London*, 1888.

"The new *lever de rideau* was acclaimed as a success."—*People.* "A lively little piece, with appropriate music."—*Referee.* "Should by no means be missed by intending visitors to Terry's."—*Globe.* "The music is pretty, and the piece was well received."—*Echo.* "A Shower of Blacks" is a lively and brisk trifle."—*Era.* "A capital curtain raiser."—*Society Times.* "Gained a favourable reception."—*Army and Navy Gazette.* The music is sparkling, and the comedietta is lively and amusing."—*Weekly Despatch.* "The dialogue is singularly smart and witty, and the music bright and tuneful."—*Sunday Times.*

THE ROSE OF WINDSOR.

Legendary Comic Opera, in Three Acts.

By WALTER PARKE. Music by BOND ANDREWS.
Manchester, 1889.

"The opera may be considered a success. The dialogue is smart and humorous, and the music melodious throughout."—*Stage.* "The book is fresh, crisp and bright, and the musical numbers are sparkling, melodious and catching."—*Era.* "Met with a cordial reception. . . Both book and music display considerable originality and freshness."—*Dramatic Review.* "The opera was heartily received."—*Daily Chronicle.* "One of the most striking and successful of its kind."—*Thanet Advertiser.* "The Rose of Windsor is as pleasing as it is unique."—*Nottingham Daily Guardian.* "The dialogue is bright and often witty, and the composer's work shows much talent and skill." *Manchester Evening News.* "This opera is excellent."—*Umpire.* "Really interesting and pleasing."—*Sporting Chronicle.* "It is not only merry but sympathetic, both words and song appeal deeply to an English audience."—*Oldham Standard.* "The *Rose of Windsor* has a sparkling libretto . . . The composer shows a great gift of melody."—*Musical Standard.* "Has been most favourably received." —*New York Herald.* "Gave the utmost satisfaction to a crowded house."—*Nottingham Daily Guardian.* "Is the best English opera of recent native composition."—*Manchester Sunday Chronicle.*

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